

# The Academy

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## The Literary Week.

Mrs. MAX MÜLLER has undertaken to write a life of her husband, Prof. Max Müller, and would be much indebted to any of Prof. Max Müller's correspondents if they would lend her any letters they may have in their possession. They should be sent to Mrs. Max Müller, at 7, Norham Gardens, Oxford, and they will be returned when done with. Messrs. Longmans will be the publishers of the Life.

THE autobiography of Max Müller is also, we understand, in preparation, and may be expected this year. He had a ready pen, a naïve way of enlarging upon his preferences, and a keen interest in the personalities of the illustrious people he met—as the volumes called *Auld Lang Syne* bear witness. The Autobiography will be prefaced by an introduction, from which the following is an extract:

People wished to know how a boy, born and educated in a small and almost unknown town in the centre of Germany, should have come to England, should have been chosen there to edit the old-st book of the world, *The Veda of Brahmas*, never published before, whether in India or in Europe, should have passed the best part of his life as a professor in the most famous and, as it was thought, the most exclusive University in England, and should actually have ended his days as a member of Her Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council. I confess myself it seems a very strange career, yet everything came about most naturally, not by my own effort, but owing again to those circumstances or to that environment of which we have heard so much of late.

THE third volume of Prof. Gardiner's *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, 1649-1660, is issued this week by Messrs. Longmans. In the Preface Prof. Gardiner regrets that his work makes rather slower progress than he had hoped for, but points out that the period dealt with in this third volume, namely that which separated the Parliamentary elections of 1654 and 1656, was worthy of especial care. "The story of these two years reveals to us the real character of the Protectorate, as no other part of its history can do." It includes the Protector's relations with his first Parliament, the Royalist insurrection of 1655, the institution and action of the Major Generals, the settlement of Ireland, the expeditions of Penn and Blake, and the cultivation of new relations with the Continental powers. Concerning many matters Prof. Gardiner thinks there has been much misunderstanding of points of the highest importance.

It is a gratifying thought that scattered over this country are a number of men and women, not differing, possibly, in appearance from other people, but possessed inwardly with an unslumbering passion to keep the language pure. We applaud them, and print two letters we have received this morning. An Engineer's Wife writes:

Is not the frequent remark that "I have put a spoke in his wheel" another instance of misuse of terms? Should

it not be sprag? And does not the *Spectator's* reviewer mean sprag when he says that "Mr. Compton Reade has . . . put a spoke in the wheel of the humanitarians who denounce the cruelty of fox-hunting"?

May I record a protest against another vulgarism that too often defaces colloquial and newspaper English? I read, in a contemporary, concerning Lord Frederick Blackwood, that "the doctors have recommended him stopping either at Madeira or Tangier." It is against the use of "stop" as implying continuous instead of momentary action that I wish to protest. I *stop* at Trafalgar-square supposing that my business takes me no further, but if I were to pitch a tent (the police being absent!) in the shade of Nelson's Column, and there take up my abode, I should not *stop*, but *stay* there.—E. E. T.

THE *North American Review* contains an admirable article by Mr. W. D. Howells on Mark Twain. It is called "An Inquiry." This analysis of Mark Twain's method is excellent:

So far as I know Mr. Clemens is the first writer to use in extended writing the fashion we all use in thinking, and to set down the thing that comes into his mind without fear or favour of the thing that went before, or the thing that may be about to follow. I, for instance, in putting this paper together, am anxious to observe some sort of logical order, to discipline such impressions and notions as I have of the subject into a coherent body which shall march column-wise to a conclusion obvious if not inevitable from the start. But Mr. Clemens, if he were writing it, would not be anxious to do any such thing. He would take whatever offered itself to his hand out of that mystical chaos, that divine ragbag, which we call the mind, and leave the reader to look after relevancies and sequences for himself.

GOOD, too, are these remarks on Mark Twain's use of words:

One of the characteristics I observe in him is his single-minded use of words, which he employs as Grant did to express the plain, straight meaning their common acceptance has given them, with no regard to their structural significance or their philological implications. He writes English as if it were a primitive and not a derivative language, without Gothic or Latin or Greek behind it, or German and French beside it. The result is the English in which the most vital works of English literature are cast, rather than the English of Milton, and Thackeray, and Mr. Henry James. I do not say that the English of the authors last named is less than vital, but only that it is not the most vital. It is scholarly and conscious; it knows who its grandfather was; it has the refinement and subtlety of an old patriciate. You will not have with it the widest suggestion, the largest human feeling, or perhaps the loftiest reach of imagination, but you will have the keen joy that exquisite artistry in words can alone impart, and that you will not have in Mark Twain.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER's new edition of Ibsen's plays, to which we referred some weeks ago, is in active preparation, and the first three volumes, containing "The League of Youth," "Pillars of Society," and "A Doll's House," will be issued shortly by Mr. Walter Scott.

WE have received two more reproachful letters concerning our review of nine volumes of poetry under the title of "Why Do They Do It?" Mr. Arthur Whate complains that we lumped together books of varying degrees of merit, and contends that one, at least, Mr. Charles Morse's "A Jingle of Rhymes," "contains much that is of sterling quality." Another correspondent chides us for treating the work of a deceased poet with some severity in face of a preface by his mother, stating that she published the poems not as the finished work of a literary artist, but in order to place them in the hands of those who knew and loved her son. With regard to Mr. Whate's objection, we have only to say that variations in the merit of a number of books of the same kind cannot always be nicely distinguished. It was only by grouping the nine volumes that we could have found space to review any one of them, and we consider that the title under which the grouping was done was justified both by the group and by each of its components. With regard to the poems of the late Mr. Denis Davies, we can only reply that no book ought to be sent to a public journal unless criticism is freely challenged.

WE have been requested to publish the titles of those "neglected books" for which there was not space on our Competition page last week. We publish the following with pleasure:

*The Works of Mrs. Hester Chapone.*  
*Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete.* By George Wither. 1622.  
*Tom Cringle's Log.*  
*The Spiritual Quixote.* By Rev. Richard Graves. 1722.  
*Mademoiselle Mathilde.* By Henry Kingsley.  
*Pen Sketches by a Vanished Hand.* By Mortimer Collins.  
*Friends in Council.* By Sir Arthur Helps.  
*Thomas Beddoes' Poems.*

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "The writer of the paragraph on Clough's *Bothie*, in your last week's issue, has overlooked the circumstance that the title of the first edition was *The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich*. In subsequent editions this was altered to the present title."

THE Delegates of the Clarendon Press have appointed Mr. W. A. Craigie to be a third editor of their *New English Dictionary*. New and larger quarters near the Bodleian Library are to be provided for Mr. Craigie and Mr. Bradley and their staff. The editors will then be able to work in one large room, to their mutual advantage.

It is time, we fancy, to take a census of Oxford papers and periodicals. Three reach us by one post. Number one, the *Quad*, a shilling magazine, is in its fourth issue, and skittish in parts. There is a firework dialogue between one Harry Jones, a Philistine, and one Percy ("whose surname is not Jones"), an artist. "As I am not a Philistine," says the author, "Jones is naturally going to have the worst of it." It is certain that he has the least of it, Percy monopolising the carpet and raising the echoes in fine style. Among the people he holds cheap is Tennyson:

Percy. "In Memoriam" is perpetually referred to as the final word on religion, on ethics, on morals, on personal immortality and most other serious problems; it is hailed as typical of the nineteenth century. It is. And can one say a worst thing for it? Characterised by the rapid hesitation of knock-kneed Agnosticism, and the strange helplessness of scientific ignorance, it is a pitiful illustration of the truth that, if the blind lead the blind they both fall into the ditch of Darwin.

Jones. But, hang it all, it is a beautiful work of art.

Percy. It is; but so is the *Satyricon* of Petronius Arbiter; but I would give neither to the young person; yet, better Petronius than Tennyson, as moral miasma is less deadly than spiritual paralysis.

O youth, youth! We turn to Prof. York Powell's pretty rendering of a ballade from the French of Paul Fort. May we quote it?

The pretty maid she died, she died, in love-bed as she lay;  
 They took her to the churchyard, all at the break of day;  
 They laid her all alone there, all in her white array;  
 They laid her all alone there, a-coffined in the clay;  
 And they came back so merrily, all at the dawn of day;  
 A-singing, all so merrily, "The dog must have his day!"  
 The pretty maid is dead, is dead, in love-bed as she lay;  
 And they went off afield to work, as they do every day.

NUMBER two, the *'Varsity*, is a weekly, published every Tuesday during Term, and controlled by undergraduates. The little sketch "Of Dons" has a rather pleasing foolishness. The *Pips* expresses its own and the others' hopeful spirit in these prefatory lines:

Lo, we have packed our *Pipe* again,  
 For better or for worse:  
 The labours of our modest pen  
 We thrust upon your purse.  
 And we shall be contented men  
 If you, in language terse,  
 Thus criticise our efforts—when  
 You after lunch converse,  
 Or gather eight or nine or ten,  
 Ere you to bed disperse—  
 "The prose is not pedestrian,  
 The poems are not 'verse.'"

MR. MEREDITH has expressed his dislike of "Atkins" as the sobriquet of the British soldier with characteristic pith and energy. We take leave to quote his views as contained in these two stanzas contributed to the *Westminster Gazette*:

#### ATKINS.

Yonder's the man with his life in his hand,  
 Legs on the march for whatever the land,  
 Or to the slaughter or to the maiming,  
 Getting the dole of a dog for pay.  
 Laurels he clasps in the words "Duty done,"  
 England his heart under every sun—  
 Exquisite humour! that gives him a naming  
 Base to the ear as an ass's bray.

Let it not be forgotten, however, that the "exquisite humour" displayed in the name Tommy Atkins belongs rather to the War Office than to the public. That institution used to issue little pocket manuals, in which each soldier's name, age, date of enlistment, length of service, &c., were entered, and the method of filling in the form was explained by the use of a hypothetical name, not the John Doe of the legal profession, but—Thomas Atkins. The books were first so called, and then the soldiers.

NOTHING that Stevenson regretted writing is likely to go unpublished. His most occasional, his most tentative efforts are solemnly printed and collected by admirers who, one suspects, think a great deal more of these comparatively inaccessible trifles than of *Treasure Island* and *Across the Plains*. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have recently issued, in an edition limited to 110 copies, such a morsel of Stevensoniana. Stevenson says in one of his letters: "A Ouida romance we have been secretly writing, in which Haggard was the hero, and each one of the authors had to draw a portrait of him or herself in a Ouida light. Leigh, Lady J., Fanny, R. L. S., Belle, and Graham were the authors." And, again: "Most amusingly, varied by a visit from Lady Jersey, I took her over mysteriously (under the pseudonym of my cousin, Miss Amelia Balfour) to visit Mataafa, our rebel, and we had great fun, and wrote a Ouida novel on our life here, in which every author had to describe himself in the Ouida glamour, and of which—for the Jerseys intend printing it—I must let you have a copy."



THE five chapters are written by Captain Leigh, Lady Jersey, Mrs. R. L. Stevenson, R. L. S. and Mrs. Strong. Stevenson's contribution is distinctly amusing if we may judge by the following piece of Ouidaesque self-portraiture:

He of the name which brought a light to the eye of the Canadian Book Agent, and a flush to the cheek of the Chicago pirate. He who had earned fame only to despise it, luxury only to discard it; who had fled from the splendours of a suburban residence to toss in the rude trading schooner among uncharted reefs; who had left the pastoral pleasures of the Athenæum to become a dweller in the Bush and the councillor of rebel sovereigns, crouching at night with them about the draughty lamp on the bare cabin floor; whose pen was of gold, and his bed a mat upon a chest, who loved but three things: women, adventure, art—and art the least of these three, and, as men whispered, adventure the most—was he, even he, at ease? I trow not. His slender fingers plucked at his long moustache: his dark eyes glittered in his narrow, sanguine face; in his mind—the mind of a poet—the oaths of stevedores and coal-porters hurtled.

*Blackwood's Muser* Without Method pleads for, or, rather, insists on, the retention of Greek and Latin at the Universities against those who would place modern languages side by side with them, and ultimately, he fears, oust the dead languages altogether. We are quite in sympathy with the Muser, who points out, with epigrammatic candour and truth, that "the highest quality of our universities should be their uselessness." He says:

This attack upon Greek is but a part of the democratisation of our universities, and as such should be repelled with energy. The universities, says the practical man, can only justify their existence on the ground of utility. The rich merchant who sends his son to Oxford or Cambridge complains, when the boy comes home, that he is useless in the counting-house; and instead of blaming himself for his own vain folly, he declares that the university has not given him his money's worth. With as much justice he might grumble that Sandhurst was not a proper avenue for the Church, or that barristers did not come forth from Cooper's Hill fully equipped. And the dissatisfied merchant forgets this other truth, that the universities do not seek to please their customers; on the contrary, they are the councils which should make the laws of education and exact obedience to those laws. The greedy parent combines with the anxious reformer to demand that our universities should instruct the young in French and bookkeeping. The universities can only make one reply to the greedy parent, Send your son elsewhere, and leave us to do our duty in peace.

An interesting light is thrown on the rapidity with which novels are "devoured" in these days by a report from the Bradford Public Library printed in the *Library World*. At Bradford the time allowed for reading a novel is only seven days, but the loan may be renewed by the borrower on application. The following table shows the proportion of novels returned following the issue on a specific date:

Of 693 books issued on the 19th (Saturday),			
93	were returned on the	21st	(Monday).
62	"	"	22nd (Tuesday).
52	"	"	23rd (Wednesday).
51	"	"	24th (Thursday).
57	"	"	25th (Friday).
296	"	"	26th (Saturday).

611 Total

Bradford does not enforce the seven-days' limit in the case of very solid books, for which ten or fourteen days are allowed. The most usual time limit in free libraries is fourteen days for all books.

MR. C. HUBERT LETTS has attempted to answer the question, "What are the Hundred Best Pictures?" in a

practical way. Having made his choice, he is issuing the reproductions, through his publishers (Messrs. Charles Letts & Co.), in a series of brown paper portfolios, each containing six examples. Opinions must, of course, differ as to which are the "hundred best," but as to excellence of the presentation of these photogravures there cannot be two opinions. They are produced from negatives taken direct from the originals, and are so mounted that they can be removed and placed in an album. The part under notice contains Raphael's "Ansidei Madonna"; Greuze's "La Lactière"; Walker's "Harvest of Refuge"; Reynolds's "Age of Innocence"; Rosa Bonheur's "The Horse Fair"; and Moore's "Dreamers."

*Harper's Weekly* has a neat journalistic effect. Across two pages stretches the large-type question: "Is the Philippine Policy of the Administration Just?" "No," says Mark Twain on the left-hand page. "Yes," says Mr. John Kendrick Bangs on the right-hand page, and the portraits and arguments of the two men face each other in symmetry.

MARK is ironical in this wise:

Extending the Blessings of Civilisation to our Brother who Sits in Darkness has been a good trade and has paid well, on the whole. . . . But Christendom has been playing it badly of late years, and must certainly suffer by it, in my opinion. She has been so eager to get every stake that appeared on the green cloth, that the People who Sit in Darkness have noticed it. They have become suspicious of the Blessings of Civilisation. More—they have begun to examine them. This is not well.

THE literary gossip of the *Morning Post* got into conversation the other day with "the editor of one of the very few magazines which can be called distinguished," and did some good listening work. The editor complained that, though there is plenty of writing talent about, it nearly all runs to gloom. "He did not say, but he was on the verge of declaring, that anybody can write without effort a little masterpiece of the depressingly tragic kind. He was absolutely contemptuous with regard to these, and said they were as common as blackberries. But the person who was wanted and could not be found was the man who had brains, could write, and could sometimes be happy. Such an author might be assured that his work would be gladly accepted and paid for, and that he would in addition be looked on as a benefactor of the public."

MESSRS. METHUEN'S "Little Library" edition of *Pride and Prejudice*, with an introduction and notes by Mr. E. V. Lucas, is very dainty and satisfactory. To those who have read the novels Mr. Lucas will seem a sound critic; to those who have not read them he will seem a good leader. Here is a passage from his introduction in point:

Mr. Bennet never fails us. His name is a sure guarantee that something agreeably saturnine will follow. It is Mr. Bennet who contrives that Chapter xx. contains perhaps one of the most satisfactory moments in any book. It is when Elizabeth, having refused Mr. Collins, is summoned to the library to hear her father's views on the situation. The stranger to Miss Austen may approach this interview with apprehension. "Can she make Mr. Bennet's comments really worthy of the occasion?" is the half-expressed thought. But those proficient in the novels know that there is no cause for doubting her. "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth," says the caustic gentleman. "From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents. Your mother will never see you again if you do not marry Mr. Collins, and"—surely there came a long pause—"I will never see you again if you do."

MR. JAMES CLEGG, of Rochdale, is projecting an edition of the works of the well-known Rochdale dialect writer, the late Mr. Oliver Ormerod, who, in his young days, was much associated with John Bright. Ormerod's principal works are *O Felley fro Rachde's Visit to th' Grayt Eggshibishun o Lundun*, 1851; *Impressions of a Rachde Felley un his Woife's Visit to th' Eggshibishun*, 1862, and *The Yeomanry Papers*. The *Felley fro Rachde* had a huge sale in Lancashire, "sowd like winkin," as Ormerod had it. Mr. Clegg may be trusted to give Ormerod's books every advantage of type and dress, and the specimen illustrations in the prospectus are excellent. His wonder and delight at the Exhibition of 1851 are expressed in a passage of which this is a specimen:

Its no mak o use me troyin fur to insens yo hinto O  
us aw seed, aw's nevir hawse, aw shud be o foo iv aw did.  
Aw seed o maks o wat they coen shandeleers un lamps,  
un grand boxus un jewilury, un then aw kooome to o greyt  
rook o carrigus, gradely honsum uns us ever o mon clapt  
his een on; two on um ud wudden orses in. Eh! heaw  
natteruble they loukt, un aw'm shure us ony boddi, uth  
furst seet, mut ha thaut us they'r'n wick. Ut last ov O,  
wen aw wor gettin wele tyert, aw kooome O ut wonst hinto  
o plaze ful o heyten stuf as they coed 'freshment rawm,  
un th' furst thyng us aw seed wor sum veyle pyes; thynks  
aw to mesel thoose ur the jokeys fur me, un aw keawert  
me deawn omung o greyt rook o foke, un aw sed too o  
chap us wor waytin on, Ol thank yo fur won o thoose  
pyes, iv yo plez, un we that E braut me won in o minnit,  
un aw paid im for it furst goo hoff, un sum noice it wor,  
raythur o smo pese too fur sixpunze.

Personally we had rather go to the galleys than read Ormerod.

MR. A. L. HUMPHREYS has issued a penny reprint, in pamphlet form, of Lord Rosebery's fine speech at Glasgow on "Questions of Empire."

## Bibliographical.

So Mr. Fergus Hume has written a blank-verse play on a classical subject, and Sir Henry Irving has accepted it. Mr. Hume is scarcely a writer whom one would suspect of desiring to produce a play on a classical subject, and in blank verse. He first became known to the English reading world in 1888 (was it not?), when his *Mystery of a Hansom Cab* had a very considerable vogue. After that, I think, came his *Madame Midas* (1888), with its sequel, *Miss Mephistopheles* (1890). *The Piccadilly Puzzle* is dated 1889, and *The Gentleman who Vanished*, 1890. From that point Mr. Hume's industry as a romancist has been prodigious. I find ascribed to him four stories in 1891, six in 1892, three in 1893, five in 1894, three in 1895, five in 1896, only one (!) in 1897, six in 1898, three in 1899, and seven in 1900—in all, forty-eight stories in twelve years, a yearly average of four. No doubt the tales vary in length; with very few am I personally acquainted. Meanwhile, it seems certain that if Mr. Hume ever has a bibliographer, that worthy will have some work to do.

When Mr. Hume's classical blank-verse play is produced—and such plays are apt to lie long in a manager's drawer—it will have, we may be sure, the effect of drawing attention anew to his labours as a producer of prose fiction. That is what has just happened to Mr. Charles Hannan, the author of the new play at the Court Theatre (an adaptation of Mr. Marion Crawford's *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance*). People are asking, "What has Mr. Hannan done before this?" and the reply has been that, in addition to writing a good many plays (some of them published in the Acting Editions of Mr. French and Mr. Lynn), Mr. Hannan has also put forth some novels and romances. The first of these was called *A Swallow's Wing*,

and came out in 1888. Nine years later it was reproduced under the title of *The Captives of Peking; or, A Swallow's Wing*. That was in 1897, when much interest was being taken in this country in Chinese men and things. Mr. Hannan had himself, when only nineteen, paid a visit to Peking and the Great Wall, unaccompanied save by a Chinese guide. Mr. Hannan's remaining books comprise *Chin-Chin-Wa* (a volume of short stories, issued in 1896), *The Wooing of Avis Grayle* (1897), *The Betrothal of James* (1898), and *Castle Oriol; or, the King's Secret* (1898).

Messrs. Gowans & Gray announce as forthcoming *The Complete Works of Charles Lamb* in nine volumes (uniform, I suppose, with those of their Keats). But can they guarantee that the edition will include, in addition to all the essays and all the verses, all the available Correspondence? That, could it be got together, would be a boon indeed. We have, of course, the two delightful volumes edited by Canon Ainger, and I do not know that anything much better is to be expected, seeing that the latest edition includes, I believe, the letters to the Lloyds which Mr. E. V. Lucas recently unearthed. Still, Messrs. Gowans & Gray's editor may conceivably have some new matter "up his sleeve," for which devoted Lambites may be grateful. Sincerely glad am I that Mr. Hutchinson will adopt for the Letters the chronological arrangement which makes Mr. Ainger's volumes so valuable. Groups of letters should be anathema to all students of biography.

Meanwhile, I understand that Mr. E. V. Lucas is himself hard at work upon that complete edition of Lamb's prose and verse which was announced originally a year or two ago. He is, indeed, so far advanced with the enterprise that his first volume may be looked for in the spring of next year. In his case, as in Mr. Hutchinson's, the edition will be in nine volumes, but in a more sumptuous and substantial format than that of Messrs. Gowans & Gray's "Complete Library." Messrs. Methuen will be Mr. Lucas's publishers; and as regards Lamb's Correspondence, Mr. Lucas will consult all the available originals, so as to give us a wholly accurate text.

A certain number of editors received last week a copy of a story called *The Ending of My Day*, by "Rita." An accompanying note stated that the day of publication was February 18, "till when it is requested that any criticism may be withheld." It is to be hoped that the book has not fallen into the hands of very youthful reviewers, who, on the strength of this "request," might be tempted to regard the novel as new to the world. As a matter of fact, *The Ending of My Day*, now issued at half-a-crown, was brought out in 1895 at two shillings. Now, if every new edition of a book contained, by law, bibliographical details of its career, what a lot of blunders might be obviated!

Though Miss Bessie Hatton, always so interesting on the stage, is little seen there now, she appears to be still active with her pen. Her inherited gift as a story-teller was first made public in a two-volume novel called *Enid Lyle*, which appeared in 1894. In the following year came a book of fairy tales, entitled *The Village of Youth*. Now we are promised a story named *Her Master Passion*. It is a little surprising that the young lady has not before now entered the ranks of the playwrights. Miss Florence Marryat, by the way, wrote a novel called *The Master Passion*.

The compiler of the daily "Birthday" quotations in the *Daily Chronicle* should make a point of verifying the extracts. The other morning, Johnson's "Survey mankind from China to Peru" was assigned to Goldsmith, whose sense of humour would in itself have prevented his writing so egregious a couplet as that of which the above line forms a part.

Mr. Frank Stockton's next volume is to be entitled *A Bicycle of Cathay*. This is a very happy adaptation of one of Tennyson's most sounding phrases.

THE BOOKWORM.



## Reviews.

## In the House of My Friends.

*Encyclopædia Biblica.* Vol. II., E to K. Edited by the Rev. T. K. Cheyne and J. Sutherland Black. (Black. 20s. net.)

THE articles in this volume may with great propriety be divided into those which are inspired by the Higher Criticism, and those which are not. Falling under the last-named category are several learned and valuable articles, among which are conspicuous a careful and moderately written essay upon "Egypt" from the pen of Prof. W. Max Müller (Philadelphia); one, rather less satisfying, upon "Hittites," by Prof. Jastrow (Pennsylvania), wherein Jensen's theories are accepted, and perhaps rather too much prominence is attached to the Semitic or quasi-Semitic affinities of the race; and one on "Jerusalem," by Col. Conder, the late Robertson Smith, and Prof. G. A. Smith (Glasgow), combining in very readable and pleasant fashion the expert knowledge of the distinguished explorer with the historical information and critical insight of the learned commentators. Other articles, of less note but of much merit, in this division are: "The Family of Herod," by Mr. W. J. Woodhouse (St. Andrews), which possesses an almost topical interest at the present time; an excellent study on "Ecclesiasticus," by Prof. Toy (Harvard); and a well-condensed history of "Israel," by Prof. Guthe (Leipsic). We were in some doubt whether Prof. Charles's (Dublin) full and masterly article on "Eschatology" could properly be referred to under this head, but on reading it through again we are unable to discover any passages which could (in our view) justly offend the most conservative of critics. On the other hand, the short articles on "Essenes" and "Gnosis," by Prof. Jülicher (Marburg), seem to us distinguished neither by special information nor by grasp of subject. The maps and plans, to which a publisher's note draws our attention, may be mentioned in connexion with the articles already noticed as being clear, well executed, and, so far as we have been able to check them, accurate.

Turning now to those articles that we have before grouped together as dictated by the tenets of the Higher Criticism, we may say at the outset that we can take no exception to them on the ground of want of frankness. In our review of the first volume of the *Encyclopædia* (see ACADEMY for December 2, 1899) we drew attention to the assertions therein made as to the "unhistorical" nature of the Genesis creation-story, the profane and trivial origin of the Song of Solomon, the vileness of the character of David, and also to the doubts cast by Canon Cheyne's contributors upon the credibility of many of the facts recorded in the Book of Samuel, the Book of Chronicles, and even in the Gospels. Hence we did not expect to find the present volume tender towards those parts of the Bible that have hitherto borne the weight of the attacks of the opponents of inspiration. Nor were we disappointed. Ecclesiastes, says Prof. Davidson (Edinburgh), was probably written "in the latter part of the third century B.C.," when "the religious spirit of Israel is seen to be completely exhausted," and it is "able only to offer a few practical rules for ordinary life." The Book of Esther, says Prof. Nöldeke (Strasburg), was written "to encourage the observance of the feast of Purim among the Jews"; it is perfectly "unhistorical," and, under a thin disguise, shows two Babylonian deities (Marduk and Ishtar) conquering the Elamite god Hamman, and his consort Vashti. "The laws in Exodus xxxiv. 10-20" [God's name is jealous, &c.], says Prof. Moore (Andover, Mass.), "are the earliest attempt with which we are acquainted to embody . . . as Divine commands the essential observances of the religion of Yahwé. They were made at a Judean sanctuary . . . and represent the ancient usage of the region." Ezekiel, says Prof. Toy, "used the

vision as a mere literary form" in most cases, and "doubt must be cast upon the psychological reality of the vision of dry bones." Some portions of the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah, say Canon Cheyne and the late Prof. Koster (Leyden), "have great historical value; but the redactor's own contributions are largely inventions." So, the Book known as Habakkuk's could not possibly have been written by him; the "original historical Hosea" contained "no assurance of a final triumph of the Divine love, or of a penitent return of the nation"; while the "original story" of the legendary Job is to be found in the Babylonian tale of Eabani, the friend of the solar hero Gilgamesh, and the Book of Jonah is "an imaginative development of a thought suggested by Scripture." As for mere history, the author of the Book of Chronicles is accused by Robertson Smith and Canon Cheyne (art. "Elhanan") of deliberately altering the name of Goliath into that of an imaginary "Lahmi," his brother, in order to conceal the tradition that Elhanan and not David was the slayer of that giant; while of the conquest of Canaan it is said by Prof. Moore (art. "Book of Joshua") that "even the oldest account of the invasion cannot be accepted without question as embodying without question a sound historical tradition." Did any of the opponents of Christianity, from Voltaire to Ingersoll, ever go further?

This wholesale method of dealing with the Old Testament is, however, mild compared with the drastic way in which the Encyclopædists deal with the New, and particularly with those parts of it that narrate the life of the Founder. The article "Gospels," which is by far the longest in the volume, and may be taken as typical of the rest, is divided into two parts, of which the first, headed "Descriptive and Analytical," is assigned to Dr. E. A. Abbott. He thinks that Matthew's account of the Resurrection has been modified by later writers "so as to soften some of its improbabilities," and that "in course of time sceptics and enemies detected and exposed 'stumbling-blocks,' and subsequent Evangelists adopted traditions that sprang up to remove or diminish them." He further claims that the omission by the other Evangelists of the healing of Malchus' ear recorded by Luke is "almost fatal to its authenticity," and he explains it by a corruption of the text which transforms the replacing of the sword into a replacing of the ear. In like manner he thinks that many of the numerous miracles connected with the raising of the dead are to be explained as "very early exaggerations arising from misunderstood metaphor," "death" being sometimes used by patristic writers in the sense of mortal sin or death to God. The raising of the widow's son at Nain, however, he finds himself obliged to reject as "non-historical," and he asserts that the narrative of the raising of Lazarus was "mainly allegorical"; while he points out that the silence of the Synoptists on the point has "never been explained." But in all such points he is left behind by his colleague, Prof. Schmiedel (Zurich) to whom falls the remainder of the article under the rubric, "Historical and Synthetical." Prof. Schmiedel speaks with some contempt of those who "still think themselves entitled to accept as historically true everything written in the Gospels which cannot be shown by explicit testimony to be false," and describes their view as a "fallacy." He disclaims starting with "the postulate or axiom that miracles are impossible," but opines that "some doubts as to the accuracy of the narratives cannot fail to arise in the mind of even the stoutest believer in miracles," when he sees "how contradictory they are." Of these contradictions he gives a long list, and then claims that these facts "show only too clearly with what lack of concern for historical precision the Evangelists wrote." He thinks "the most credible statement in the Synoptics" as to the Resurrection is that "the first appearances were in Galilee," and that the statements that the risen Jesus was touched or that He ate are "seen to be incredible"; and he points out that St. Paul saw no difference between

any of the post-resurrection appearances to others and that to himself on the road to Damascus, the inference being that all alike were "visions." By this and similar roads he is led to consider whether there are any "credible elements to be found in the Gospels at all," and he comes to the conclusion that there are five passages which are authentic. These five are the: "Why callest thou Me good? none is good save God only," of Mark; the statement that blasphemy against the Son of Man can be forgiven, in Matthew; those in Mark that the relations of Jesus held Him to be beside Himself, and that "of that day and that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels of God, neither the Son, but the Father"; and, finally, the cry from the Cross of "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" He defends himself against the charge that these passages have been sought out with partial intent as proofs of "the human as against the Divine character of Jesus," but asserts, notwithstanding, that they "prove not only that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the Divine is to be sought in Him only in the form in which it is capable of being found in a man; they also prove that He really did exist, and that the Gospels contain at least some absolutely trustworthy facts concerning Him."

Now it must be patent to everyone that the correctness or incorrectness of these very plainly-expressed views cannot be discussed in these columns. In some cases they are supported by arguments drawn from the comparison of certain texts. In others, the only authority that is adduced for them is the view of some (generally a German) critic. In yet others, they seem to be merely the personal opinions of the writer advancing them formed after a more or less long study of the Biblical writings. But the attempt to discuss any of these alleged proofs seriously would occupy an amount of space that is not at our disposal, and would be in form a review of the whole position taken up by the Higher Criticism. Yet it may be permitted to us to point out that if these views, or even any considerable part of them, ever come to be generally accepted, the doctrinal position of those reformed Churches which avowedly look to the Bible as at once their guide and their warrant will be practically at an end. Especially is this the case with the Church of England, who declares in her XXth Article that "although the Church be a witness and a keeper of Holy Writ, yet, as it ought not to decree anything against the same, so besides the same ought it not to enforce anything to be believed for necessity of Salvation." But if her method of "keeping" Holy Writ ever comes to be that of suggesting, with the Encyclopædia, that there is none but a shred of historical truth to be found in the canon, it is difficult to see how she can ever again arrogate to herself the right of "enforcing anything to be believed for necessity of salvation." The argument that this is a mere question of interpretation will not avail here, because the same Article in another place forbids her so to expound "one place of Scripture that it be repugnant to another." It is therefore with some astonishment that we notice that one of the editors of this Encyclopædia is not only Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, but also Canon of Rochester, and that at least one other Church dignitary of high position has contributed to its columns. Undignified as the simile may be, the position of the man who sits on the branch of a tree while he saws it off next the trunk seems to exactly correspond to theirs.

With regard to other Churches existing for the propagation of Trinitarian Christianity the results of accepting the Encyclopædia's position, though not so easily defined, would be quite as serious, and, as far as we can see, they are now put to the election between rejecting the conclusions of the Higher Criticism altogether and effecting the most radical changes possible in the creeds they profess. If, as seems most likely to be the case, they choose the first-named horn of the dilemma—

and this applies to the Church of England as well as to Nonconformist bodies—they will henceforth have to reckon with a flank attack, which, from the learning of the adversaries and the care with which they have prepared their ground, cannot but be very formidable. Looking at the whole situation, we are much mistaken if the publication of this volume does not prove to be the most serious blow yet struck at Protestant Christianity.

### A Fine Old English Gentleman.

*Lord Lilford, F.Z.S.* By his Sister. (Smith, Elder. 10s.)

To outsiders Lord Lilford was known as the friend of wild creatures, a man who spoke with authority about them, and the author of a quiet, sensible, and beautifully illustrated book of birds. Only to comparatively few was it given to understand the pathetic circumstances under which so much kindly interest and activity was manifested: that he was a helpless cripple, who had to be lifted into and out of his bath-chair on a blanket, and wheeled hither and thither when he wished, as occurred daily, to go the round of his feathered pets and captives; and that he who had been a very Nimrod had his sport limited to a little fishing from a barge on his favourite Nene, that flows past Lilford Hall, the gray and time-mellowed residence of his family. His biography was, therefore, well worth writing, though his life was not distinguished by any great achievement. As the late Bishop of London reminds us in his Introduction, Lord Lilford was first of all an English gentleman, and it was one of his few weaknesses to believe that he ought to distinguish between his functions and those of an author. This is not an opinion held by many aristocrats; the majority would probably laugh at it, and quite rightly; but to state the fact is necessary to an understanding of the man. But for his reluctance to work for wages, it is probable that some more enduring monument would have been left behind. Not that we think under any circumstances he could have produced literature. A fine old English gentleman—to be that is something in itself, but it takes much more to be a great author, and Lord Lilford had no literary gift whatever; or, at any rate, not a trace is discernible either in his numerous letters or in the homely bits of verse wherewith he occasionally delighted his household. It is always the fact he is after, never the emotion it gives rise to, never the light of setting suns, the feeling and poetry of nature. We say this in no spirit of disparagement, but merely to get Lord Lilford into his right place, and to remove a painful impression that might be produced from what we cannot help regarding as an unfortunate sentence in the Introduction, drawing a line between "the functions of a gentleman and those of an author."

Lord Lilford knew that he himself was no more, scientifically or intellectually, than an observant amateur; morally he was a great deal more—a kindly and generous patron of those engaged in his favourite study, an encourager of art as far as the correct drawing of birds went, and an example of patience, courage, and hope under prolonged suffering. His taste for natural history seems to have been born with him, as at five we find him observing the brown owl go by. After school he spent many happy years visiting in various parts of the country, shooting and collecting. In the summer of 1856 he started on a yachting cruise in Southern Europe, visiting the Balearic Islands, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, Tunis, and the Ionian Islands. There are no adventures to chronicle, the serene, equable young man taking his enjoyment quietly, just as might have been expected from the tranquil invalid of later years. The chief incidents are set forth in a correspondence with his life-long friend, Prof. Newton, the first letter being dated 1852, and the last 1859. He tells how he found a great number of spotted crake near Barcelona, that he was the discoverer



of chamois in the Acroceraunian Mountains, near Corfu, that he is seeking the eggs of the Lämmergeyer in Sardinia, and various items of similar import. Honestly, one does not find these letters very enthralling now, but they help to complete the picture of Lord Lilford, or Tom Powys, as he was then.

In 1859 he married the beautiful Miss Emma Brandling, of Low Gosforth, in Northumberland, with whom he led a happy life till her death in 1884—an event probably hastened by the loss of her eldest son. He succeeded to the title in 1861, and at the same time found himself in possession of a less desirable family inheritance in the shape of gout; and from henceforth he was not to enjoy a year of continuous good health. The only literary reminiscence of the book dates from this period. In the Isle of Wight, in 1860, Lord Lilford had smoked many pipes and engaged in much discussion with the late Poet Laureate, and in 1863 the two went together on a walking tour in the New Forest. It is rather pleasantly described:

I remember distinctly [he wrote to the present Lord Tennyson] that your father carried with him a little *Homer* and I a *Don Quixote*. I well remember, too, that he took a great interest in several of the rarer birds to which I called his attention—i.e., the buzzard, pied woodpecker, and black game. Besides the charm of his every-day conversation, he told me endless good stories; but what delighted me more than anything else was his ever ready sympathy with everyone and everything, not only *nihil humanum . . . alienum*, but every beast, bird, insect, tree, and flower seemed to be full of interest for him as for me.

But Lord Lilford does not seem to have much cared for literary celebrities, or, at any rate, none beyond this figures in his biography. He had great avaries built at Lilford Hall, and his correspondence was mostly with those who were conspicuous as ornithologists. He had taken up falconry as his amusement, and many letters are about his hawks. This period may be said to have lasted till 1885, when Lord Lilford—now, at the age of fifty-two, a confirmed invalid—married Clementina, eldest daughter of Mr. Ker Baillie Hamilton, who proved a tender nurse during the eleven years of pain allotted to him. His interests during this period could almost be guessed from a mere mention of his correspondents, among whom are Mr. G. E. Lodge and Mr. Thorburn, accomplished artists both of them in bird-drawing, Canon Tristram, with whom Lord Lilford had many common interests, Lord Walsingham, Dr. Drewitt, and Dr. Albert Günther, all of them very "birdie" men, and others of kindred tastes.

And so we pass on to the end, the story of the last few years being taken from his private diary, where we find him in true county gentleman style bemoaning—this was in 1893—the depression of agriculture, the coal strike, and the progress of socialism and anarchy—not a decade ago, and yet how like ancient history it reads! Almost in the midst of his rejoicing over the birth of a grandson, he was seized, in June 1896, with the illness of which he died. He counted his life no unhappy one, and the picture of it presented by his sister does not contradict his own version. It was not a life with much high emotion or stirring events in it, it was not a life of brilliant success or of pathetic failure, and, of course, these make the stuff of which interesting books are composed. We feel in some doubt about admitting this to that category. It is conscientiously but not very skilfully written—witness the fact that forty pages are taken up with quite unessential preliminaries before we come to the birth of Lord Lilford. Many letters are printed that we cannot imagine to have the slightest interest for the ordinary reader, whether he be ornithologically inclined or not. Otherwise the book is very well qualified to satisfy the curiosity of those who would like to know more about a good and kindly man, who was also a student of birds.

### A New Play.

*War: a Play in Three Acts.* By William Heinemann. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

HERE is another result of the South African guerilla; for, although *War* is the second part of a trilogy of which the first, *Summer Moths*, was probably conceived long before the war began, we may be fairly sure that this second part owes its form to the accident of Mr. Kruger's regrettable obstinacy. *War* moves some Englishmen to howl for conscription; it has moved Mr. Heinemann to write a play. His drama passes on the south coast of England; it was necessary to the action that war should be brought to the very doors; and so the author has made the Dutch invade this inviolate isle out of sympathy with their Boer cousins. Captain George Vansittart (the sporting military ass of the piece) gets wounded by the Dutch, and Major Hitchcock (the base-born but intrinsically noble hero) clothes himself with glory by driving the Dutch into the sea and elsewhere. All this raises the question, How far may an author change history? We hold that he may change history to almost any extent, provided the history is old enough. If a dramatist chose to put Rameses XXXIX. upon the stage, he might safely ignore all cuneiform inscriptions, inventing his own facts, and no one would be a penny the worse. But when you are dealing with the history of last year the case is different. In Mr. Heinemann's first act the characters are reading the *Times*' account of the capture and abandonment of Spion Kop: factual realism, which imbues the reader with a sense of confidence, gives him, so to speak, a platform. Then, in the next breath, the successors of Van Tromp are on our beaches. Now the reader who knows about Spion Kop knows that the Dutch never dreamt of anything so perfectly fatuous as an invasion; and when he is asked to pretend to himself that they did, he simply can't. The illusion of reality is utterly lost, and the play fails of its effectiveness through an indiscretion of construction.

Although *War* has certain virtues of austerity and quietude, which are grateful enough to the reviewer, the author weakens further the illusion of reality (essential, of course, to a realistic play) by ignoring, one might say disdaining, naturalism of dialogue. After Major Hitchcock has asked the Hon. Lucy Vansittart for her hand and heart, the following scene occurs:

LADY FULLER: The young man had no opportunity of speaking to me on the subject. If he had done so, I should have found no difficulty in convincing him of the impossibility of such a step, and of the impropriety on his part of allowing the thought to cross his mind.

FRED: That isn't the idea he's gone away with, I can tell you. Uncle told him in so many words that if he killed enough Dutchmen, and didn't get himself killed, he would do all in his power to induce you to give him Lucy.

LADY FULLER [To LUCY]: Has he ever dared to speak to you so disrespectfully as to hint at what he would venture to call his affection for you?

LUCY: Major Hitchcock has convinced me that he is deeply attached to me, and he has honoured me by asking me to become his wife.

GEORGE: The brute!

LADY FULLER: I only hope you put him very unmistakably into his place.

LUCY: I did—I promised Major Hitchcock to be his wife.

FRED: Bravo, Lucy! Don't let them frighten you.

LUCY: And I have this very minute, since he left you, repeated my promise, and have sworn by all that is holy that no power on earth shall keep us apart.

It is quite conceivable that people might behave as these behave, but no one except members of "the" profession ever talked as these talked.

In the last act the Honourable Lucy goes forth alone to nurse the wounded, and comes home dead on a bier as

the curtain falls. What the thesis of the play is we have not discovered, nor how Lucy's death is to be differentiated from a mere accident unconnected with the dramatic union of the piece. Some of the scenes are well written, and the opening of the third act is genuinely moving, and the play as a whole shows that the author is steeped in the best modern dramatic literature.

### Modern Astronomy.

*Modern Astronomy: being Some Account of the Revolution of the Last Quarter of a Century.* By Herbert Hall Turner. (Constable. 6s.)

It will be news to most people that the science of the stars has undergone during the last twenty-five years any such change as is implied in the word revolution; but in these pages the Oxford Professor makes it good. He writes with the clearness of a mathematician and the warmth of an apostle, desirous, above all things, in the interest of the science he loves, to enlist labourers for his vineyard and winepress. For whereas a quarter of a century since it seemed as though as much had already been discovered as it was humanly possible to learn, it is felt at the present moment that the regular army of investigators is wholly inadequate to the task of coping with the mass of materials awaiting examination and co-ordination.

This comes principally of the improvements in photography, and particularly the invention of the dry plate, which makes possible an exposure of indefinite duration, so that the faintest spark may have time to register its presence; mounted with cunning clockwork, the camera-telescope can bear upon it night after night for weeks—nay, months. At Harvard Observatory the whole sky is photographed once a month, and, with a smaller instrument, capable of recording every star above the sixth magnitude, every fine night. It is impossible minutely to examine the thousands of plates taken. The planet Eros, for instance, which at this time is paying us a visit, though it cannot be seen except through a powerful telescope, was discovered in 1898.

Professor Pickering [of Harvard, to whom the Royal Astronomical Society has lately awarded its gold medal for his work on variable stars during the last year] turned over his vast store of photographs . . . and after a little trouble . . . he found it on several plates taken in 1894, and on others taken in 1896. . . . On one of them, especially, the planet is shown by a conspicuous trail. . . . It must be remembered that the existence of a trail on a plate, though it means a planet, does not always mean a new planet. There are more than four hundred already known, and it is necessary first to make sure that it is none of these—in itself a laborious piece of work.

The interest of the astronomic world is at present mainly fixed upon this speck: it is to furnish the best correction of the Sun's distance that may be expected for the next thirty years.

The wit of man, which in historic times may be reckoned a constant quantity, has in this science generally, by reasoning *a priori*, anticipated visual demonstration. Copernicus divined the Moon to be a satellite of the Earth, and people would not believe it, for such a thing as a satellite was unknown. Then Galileo looked through his optic tube at Jupiter and saw his satellites and, by analogy, the hypothesis was verified. Similarly Laplace conjectured that the stars with their planets had coalesced from nebulae, passing through the stage represented by Saturn and his ring; the camera was turned upon the nebula in Andromeda, and sure enough the rifts, which Trouvelot had drawn straight, were seen in the picture to be "slightly but sensibly curved." Already two planets have been formed, and others are seen in process of coalescing. But the reasoning of the scientist that antici-

pates the demonstration of the instrument is itself sometimes outstript by the imagination of the poet. The following lines were mercilessly excised by Tennyson from his "Palace of Art," on the ground that the poem was "too full." At the centre of the four quadrangles of the palace is a tower, and

Hither, when all the deep, unsounded skies,  
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,  
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes  
Pierced through the mystic dome.

Regions of lucid matter taking forms,  
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,  
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms  
Of suns and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars,  
That mystic field of drifted light  
In mid Orion, and the married stars.

The significance of its weary canals as evidence of intelligent occupation of that much paragraphed planet, Mars, is discounted by a consideration of its position and the inadequacy of the means at our disposal for examining its surface.

To realise the value of our information, consider first how much farther away Mars is than the moon—about two hundred times at least, and generally much more. Now two hundred is about the magnifying power of a good telescope, that is to say, the magnifying power which can be used with advantage. It follows, then, that whatever a fair telescope enables us to see on Mars could be seen on the moon with the naked eye. . . . Hence let anyone look on the moon with the naked eye for traces of canals or other signs of life of any kind and he will begin to understand the caution that must be exercised in drawing conclusions, however attractive, as to the habitability of the planets. We want, in fact, an increase of our optical resources by a thousand times at least to get any satisfactory intelligence of this kind, whereas the advances of the last century would be represented by a factor not greater than ten. . . .

Prof. Turner manages happily to strike the mean between the pedantry of the specialist and the condescension of the popular lecturer.

### A Genealogical Berserk.

*Studies in Peerage and Family History.* By J. H. Round. (Constable. 12s. 6d.)

It would be difficult to over-estimate the services that are being rendered by Mr. Round to the cause of scientific accuracy in historical research, whether in respect of the light he has himself thrown upon many obscure points in English history, or in respect of the wholesome dread wherewith he has inspired the less scrupulous or the more careless of the workers in that department of learning. Indeed, it may be said that in the latter connexion the fear of Mr. Round is the beginning of wisdom. In this volume the author appears in his dual capacity of student and critic. Some of the articles, of which that on "Henry VIII. and the Peers" is perhaps the most valuable, are pacific but highly important contributions to historical knowledge, others are unsparing exposures of the methods of the "Peerage-makers" and of the officials of the College of Arms. The latter hapless functionaries are smitten hip and thigh, while still reeling from the effects of the castigation they recently received in the *Contemporary Review* at the hands of Mr. Hutton. The polemical chapters form the bulk of the work, and naturally it is here that, as usual, Mr. Round is, in more than one sense, most striking. In them he deals with such cases as the baseless claim of the modern Earls of Warwick to connexion with the house of the king-maker, the fabulous Norman origin of the titled families of Stourton, Annesley, Carrington, and Russell, and the fictitious pedigrees of Spencer and



Mountmorres. In touching upon one great and increasing peril of our times Mr. Round rises far above these merely vulgar and comparatively trifling abuses to utter an eloquent warning as to the results that must follow the persistent prostitution of dignities in the sale of titles that accompanies the political wire-pulling of the day. After reminding us that "in England a simple country gentleman can still look down in calm disdain, from the heights of immemorial noblesse, on the scramble for the newest of peerage dignities or for those baronetcies which are fast becoming the peculiar perquisite of the *nouveau riche*," he writes:

That the highest honours which the Crown has it in its power to bestow should at all times be granted with jealous care, if their value and their dignity are to be maintained, is a self-evident proposition; but the point that is apt to be overlooked, the now growing danger, is the risk that "the trail of finance" should sully the honour of the Peerage, should hasten the ever-increasing tendency to substitute a plutocratic for an aristocratic class. That this country has been saved from much that is, beyond dispute, deplorable in the public life of the United States is, it may be confidently and boldly asserted, due to the existence of a social standard other than that of mere wealth. This is a matter not of prejudice, but of observation and of fact. The social standard of this country may, like others, have its faults, but it has at least saved us thus far from making the accumulation of wealth, however acquired, the sole national ideal. . . . It is, and always has been, easy to sneer at the claims of birth; but, if English political and social life is not to be degraded to the level reached in the United States, if great abilities are still to be attracted to the service of the public and the State rather than to that of mammon, there is absolutely no means by which this can be effected other than that of maintaining barriers which wealth alone cannot overleap, of rewarding service by distinctions which money cannot buy, of upholding a social standard based on something else than the dollars a man has acquired by fair means or foul.

It is, however, the aggressive and larger portion of the book which to many persons will doubtless prove the most entertaining. This is one long revel of bloodthirst and slaughter. The field of controversy is heaped with the carcasses of expiring pedigree-mongers and butchered heralds; and here we leave our genealogical berserk, doubtless supremely happy, up to the neck in *crurs et visceribus victimarum*.

### Nineteenth Centuryana.

*The Romance of a Hundred Years.* By Alfred Kingston. (Stock. 4s. 6d.)

A book of this kind, well done, is always interesting. The chief factors of success are wide reading, tactful arrangement of the results of that reading, and a thread of amiable comment. Mr. Kingston has brought these to his task of displaying what we now regard as the more curious and romantic features of the nineteenth century. Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace has named thirteen triumphs of science and invention as glories of that century; they are: railways, steam navigation, the telegraph, the telephone, friction matches, gas, the electric light, photography, the phonograph, the Röntgen rays, the spectrum analysis, anaesthetics, and antiseptics. A wonderful list. Many, if not all of these discoveries, are dealt with entertainingly by Mr. Kingston; whose book, however, takes a wider range and contains chapters on "The Romance of Invasion," "The Romance of Old Country Life," "The Romance of Education," &c. Virtually these 200 pages form an historical museum, in which the quaint and the curious are given the prominence which the general reader has a right to demand. Perhaps nothing in the book is better than Mr. Kingston's account of the terror and the fever of preparation into which the country was thrown by the fear of an invasion by Napoleon. We fancy that not

one reader in a thousand will escape a feeling of astonishment at the particulars of what was done to organise defensive forces in remote country villages. The most exact preparations were made for sending non-combatants and farm stock inland at the first alarm, men being told off to conduct waggons, to drive cattle and sheep, and to cut down trees for the obstruction of roads against the French troops. The number of waggons and horses and the precise amount of foodstuff in each district were scheduled and known to the Government. And of nights, round the tavern fire, the yokels sang songs which, compared to the music-hall songs of last year, were as wine unto water, if we may judge them by a chorus so stirring and direct as this:

Shall Frenchmen rule o'er us? King Edward said No!  
And No said King Harry, and Queen Bess she said No!  
And No said old England, and No she says still!  
They will never rule o'er us, let them try if they will!

The miscellaneous character of Mr. Kingston's pages is seen in the fact that, under the heading "The Romance of Old Country Life," he permits himself to write about parish constables, the hair-powder tax, the speed of eighteenth-century coaches and goods waggons, and London sedan chairs, not to mention life-histories of a famous highwayman and an infamous body-snatcher. In his last chapter, "Then and Now," Mr. Kingston indulges in some easy and striking contrasts. The inhuman severity of the law was such that it overshot itself. Mercy crept in at every chink. This is well illustrated by the story of the Old Bailey judge, who, in passing sentence of death on a woman for some trivial offence, sought to stop her screams of terror by remarking, as he looked round the Court: "Will no one tell the poor woman that she will not be hanged?"

Mr. Kingston's style might be more finished. To begin a paragraph, "Here is how the romance of revolution began in the Fens," is casual and inelegant; and he often quotes words of such little originality that he might well appropriate or improve on them. But he is to be thanked for an entertaining book that is well worth a perusal and a niche.

### Other New Books.

THE PAINTERS OF  
FLORENCE.

BY JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. ADY).

*Trecento—Quattrocento—Cinquecento.* There is magic still in the slow evolution, through three centuries of Florentine life, of the world's second great artistic period. The tale begins with the birth of Cimabue in 1240, and it ends with the death of Michelangelo in 1564. Florentine art has not been neglected during recent years. The impetus given by the studies of Ruskin and the new methods of Morelli has started a flood of literature—enlightened, if not always patient in its critical spirit—in almost every European country. But there is room—at any rate, from the point of view of the general reader—for just such a book as Mrs. Ady has written. Her series of biographical sketches (twenty-seven in number), while evidently based on a careful survey of recent research, is written in a pleasant and popular manner, and without the absorption in technique and dread of "literature" which the more high-flown critic is apt to display. It is a valuable supplement to the *Lives* of Vasari, whose atmosphere of the Italian studio and personal knowledge of those of whom he writes makes him the one essential guide to even the merest dabbler in the subject. Nevertheless, it is not to be denied that Vasari had no pedantic regard for accuracy; and, although his reputation in this respect, like that of Herodotus, whom some have called the "father of lies," does not at this moment look quite so black as it once did, still there are points enough in which the industrious

archivist, and even the Morellian measurer of ears, have been able to correct him. Without any disrespect to one who must always rank with Plutarch and with Walton among the few biographers of genius, Mrs. Ady has incorporated these necessary corrections, and has also utilised the skill of the modern photographer in the provision of seventeen charming and typical illustrations. How many lovers of London know where to find the magnificent cartoon of Lionardo da Vinci, from which the beautiful head of her frontispiece is taken? (Murray. 5s. net.)

## THE STORY OF ROME.

BY NORWOOD YOUNG.

To write at once briefly and adequately of Rome is an impossibility; for the story of Rome is the epitome of half a dozen civilisations, whose relics are huddled in strange promiscuity upon those seven hills that are not hills. The early and later Empire, the Christianity of the Catacombs, the triumphant Christianity of Gregory the Great, the struggle between Pope and Emperor, Guelph and Ghibelline, the artistic glories and moral chaos of the Renaissance: each by itself requires its volumes of exposition. As if this were not enough, the archaeologists are beginning to disinter the traces of an earlier Rome still, the pastoral city of the Latin League. Nor, as Mr. Young points out, has one any right to forget that Rome is, after all, not a mere museum for the curious of Europe, but has, since 1870 at least, its own ardent civic life, with its aspirations and disappointments. He is rather amusing on the Forum, known until recently as the Campo Vaccino, in which "were always to be found picturesque peasants with their cattle, and the attendant circle of artists in ecstasies." It is now a battle ground for warring interests:

The archaeologist has converted this beautiful spot into a huge pit, covered with pieces of stone and mounds of earth. He excuses himself by informing us that he has exposed the cradle of modern civilisation, and opened a new chapter in history. While artist and archaeologist are disputing, the municipality brushes them both aside. It brings from the Via Cavour a line of tram rails, and carries them right across both Campo Vaccino and Forum Romanum. The artist flies in horror to the Palatine, while the archaeologist bends his energies to the task of getting the whole area declared an archaeological preserve.

Mr. Young's own view of the situation is clear enough. The history of Rome has been

a unique record of revolutionary struggles for independence. And now that Rome at last is free, the echo of the long conflict is still heard in the growls of foreign artists, who would deny to the citizens the right to make their home a pleasant and healthy place in which to earn their livelihood.

It will be gathered that Mr. Young approaches his subject rather from the side of politics and history than from that of aesthetics. He gives us a careful study of the place of Rome in civilisation rather than the kind of inspired guide-book which has been the ideal of previous contributors to the "Medieval Towns" series. The personality of Rome, its air and bearing amongst the great cities, hardly emerge. But every man has a right to his own point of view, and Mr. Young has brought much pains and erudition to his difficult task. After all, the story of Rome might be told in as many ways as the story of Pompeii. (Dent. 4s. 6d.)

## DOMESDAY AND FEUDAL STATISTICS.

BY A. H. INMAN.

There is something in the study of "Scutage," "Carucates," "Subinfeudation," "Sokemen," and the like, which infallibly tends to sharpen the edge of polemic. Mr. Inman's controversies are conducted in the best manner of Mr. J. H. Round, and one can hardly say more. Prof. York Powell is thoroughly able to take care of himself, so we venture to point out that, according to Mr. Inman, the "profundity of the erudite mind" is best discovered in his statement that a "plough" making a furrow

of eleven inches broad can traverse a perch in four or four and a-half rounds. Mr. Inman's own view is that a "plough" does it in nine rounds, and he adds:

It is to be hoped that the promoters of the Agricultural Education Extension System from our fountains of learning may commence at home by giving those pioneers who are to enlighten the supposed darkness of the rural mind such an elementary knowledge of arithmetic as to place them on somewhat more even terms with the average *carucarius* in matters of simple addition, division, &c.

This is, to say the least of it, acerb. But though we can criticise Mr. Inman's temper, and could, if needs were, his punctuation, the extremely technical matter with which he deals is beyond us. His tables and discussions are evidently the fruit of most laborious investigations, and we do not doubt that they will be of the highest interest and value to Prof. Maitland and the few other experts in Domesday and feudal economies who are competent to appreciate them. (Eliot Stock.)

## CHINA.

BY E. H. PARKER.

The full title of this book is *China: her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day*, and the greater part of the book has, says Mr. Parker, been compiled from Chinese records, and its contents based on a personal acquaintance with China. The recent events in the Celestial Empire have caused a multiplicity of books to be written, some of them by persons who have never seen the country; but all of them have had to be read. The present volume stands by itself: it is written in a conversational style, and with considerable force, and contains a quantity of information that is not to be found elsewhere. Moreover, it differs from other volumes in that it contains eighteen maps of China and its neighbours, has a full table of contents, a sufficient index, and very little writing for the sake of making words. Mr. Parker sketches the geography, history, early trade notions and trade routes of China, and has chapters on the arrival of Europeans in the country, the government, the population, the revenue, the army, religion, personal characteristics, the calendar, and so on. From this it will be seen that the book is comprehensive; and as Mr. Parker has his own way of looking at things, and has drawn freely upon native works, he is always worth reading. There is no one book on China which covers the whole subject; each volume needs to be read in conjunction with half a dozen others or a very one-sided idea of the Celestial Empire would be the result. Mr. Parker's book fills up many gaps left by those who have preceded him on the subject; he is, as it were, the mortar which will bind the stones laid by other writers. His qualification is the fact that he was formerly H.M. Consul at Kiungechow, and adviser on Chinese affairs to the Burma Government, and his knowledge of his subject is apparent on every page. (Murray. 8s. net.)

## MRS. GASKELL AND KNUTSFORD.

BY REV. G. A. PAYNE.

Knutsford has been identified by some critics with the Cranford of the book of that name, and with Hollingford in *Wives and Daughters*. Mr. Payne dislikes this theory, but the connexion between the town of Mrs. Gaskell has prompted him to record its characteristics, and to examine the suggested parallels between it and the towns of his stories. He has made a pleasant little book, with an excellent portrait of Mrs. Gaskell as frontispiece. We do not agree with him in brushing aside *Cranford's* indebtedness to Knutsford so firmly, but the matter is one on which opinions may very amicably differ. (Gay & Bird.)

## GLIMPSES OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY F. M. ALLEN.

This book of intentional, resolute funniness has depressed us wofully. Probably small schoolboys will enjoy it to the full, but for us the humour of calling Alfred the Great "Young Alf" (as if he were a Hooligan!) is no



longer operative. Nor do we find it amusing to read that William Rufus was called Carrots, Blazes, Ginger, and Danger Signal. The comic ballad of William the Conqueror is by far the best thing in the book, and it is a pity that Mr. Allen did not rhyme it all. Mr. J. F. Sullivan's drawings have grotesque appropriateness. (Downey.)

Mr. Murray's new issue of George Borrow's works now includes *The Zincali: An Account of the Gypsies in Spain*, his first book. The prefaces to the first and second editions are included. The second was written in 1843, when, encouraged by his success, he had written and published *The Bible in Spain*. His racy account of the reception of that book is worth quoting:

The world, both learned and unlearned, was delighted with *The Bible in Spain*, and the highest authority [*Quarterly Review*, December, 1842] said, "This is a much better book than the *Gypsies*; and the next great authority [*Edinburgh Review*, February, 1843] said: "Something betwixt *Le Sag- and Bunyan*." "A far more entertaining work than *Don Quixote*," exclaimed a literary lady. "Another *Gil Blas*," said the cleverest writer in Europe [*Examiner*, December 17, 1842]. "Yes," exclaimed the cool, sensible *Spectator*, "a *Gil Blas* in water colours."

Messrs. Macmillan's abridgment of *The Life of Edward White Benson* is admirable in size, and equal to the larger work in get-up. Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson's life of Michael Faraday is re-issued by Cassell as the first volume in a cheaper issue of their "Century Science" series—the volumes of which are now priced at 2s. 6d. instead of 5s. The selection of this book as pioneer was wise, for it is a most sympathetic narrative.

In *Heroines of the Bible in Art* (Nutt, 3s. 6d. net) we have a somewhat "made" subject, but the author, Miss Clara Erskine Clement, brings to her task a genuine love of her work and much insight. The book is very pleasantly illustrated from Rubens, Murillo, Veronese, Raphael, Botticelli, and other masters, and it takes its place in the "Art Lovers'" series.

Madame Hoskier was one of the victims of the terrible fire at the *Bazar de la Charité* on May 4, 1897. A pious woman and a good mother, she had written her prayers and thoughts for her own and her children's comfort. These have been published, and Miss Constance White has made an English translation under the title of *Thoughts, Memories, and Meditations of Madame Hoskier* (Skeffington). The book may be described as the spiritual history of a woman to whom the joys and consolations of religion were real.

*Lancashire Humour* (Dent) is a collection of racy dialect anecdotes, with a pleasant critical commentary, by Thomas Newbigging. Here is a story which rather coarsely illustrates the heckling propensities of Lancashire electors. A Socialist candidate denounced the cost of keeping up royalty, and amongst other items enumerated the quantities of oats, beans, hay, and other fodder consumed every week by the royal horses, pointing out, of course, how many poor families might be maintained with the money. When questions were invited an old farmer rose and said:

Maister Chairman, Aw have been very much interested wi' the speech o' th' candidate, and moor especially wi' that part on't where he tow'd us abeaut th' royal horses, an' th' greyt quantity ov oats, beans and hay ut they aiten every week, an' th' heavy taxes we have to pay for th' uphewd o' thoose. But there's one thing, Maister Chairman ut he has missed out o' his speech, an' Aw wish to put a question. Aw wud like if th' candidate wud now tell us heaw much they gettin every week for th' horse mook!

It is still uncertain whether the question was put in irony or simplicity. There are good and feeble stories in Mr. Newbigging's book, but the Lancashire flavour is strong everywhere.

## Fiction.

*The Sacred Fount.* By Henry James.  
(Heinemann. 6s.)

HAD anyone but Mr. James written this book, his admirers might well have cried: "Oh, 'tis sacrilege." But since Mr. James himself is the author, what can we say but that he has, in his own brilliantly tedious way, with his own inimitable art, and with his own occult knowledge of what the lifting of an eyebrow or the movement of a back may mean—succeeded triumphantly in an elaborate satire on himself—that is, on his own obsession? Everybody knows what Mr. James's obsession is, and, after achieving the last page of this volume, it is evident to us that Mr. James also knows. With him, as with the character without a name who tells the story, the vision of life is an obsession. To him, for real excitement, "there are no such adventures as the intellectual ones"; in every word or action of his fellow-creatures he perceives motives that, like the lines on a railway siding, have no beginning and no end. Mr. James has never carried his analysis of the daintily unimportant further than in *The Sacred Fount*, and never before, to our knowledge, has he, after incredible labour with bricks of gossamer and mortar of sunbeams, blown down the dainty edifice with such a good-humoured series of puffs. The last page brings a vision of Mr. Henry James stepping forward, and saying with a profound obeisance: "You perceive how prodigiously I know myself."

The *Sacred Fount*, we may say without more ado, is youth. The theme of the book is the hypothesis that youth has the power to rejuvenate and vivify age, but at the cost of the oozing away of the sap of youth from itself. But Mr. James is not a believer in his own theory; or only to a certain extent. He turns tail, he allows his speculations to be derided, and the end is more smoke than fire; or perhaps it would be fairer to say that he uses his hypothesis merely as a means of showing to what prodigious lengths the analytical mind can go. It is as if the Princess in the fairy tale, from the suggestion of the presence of the pea beneath her mattress, had created a market garden of flowering shrubs. The pea represents the cell from which Mr. James, as master nurseryman, has produced his garden of exotics. A day and an evening cover the period of the story, which passes at Newmarch, a country house of "liberal ease" and delightful appurtenances. There a few choice guests are gathered. Among them is the narrator, with his passion for embroidering "on things" and his genius for seeing a hundred complex reasons behind a cursory remark or a chance movement. "The way you get hold of things," says Mrs. Brissenden (sometimes she is called Mrs. Briss), "is positively uncanny." It is. Here is an example of just how much the nameless narrator (we must restrain ourselves from the temptation of identifying him with Mr. James) sees in a glance:

Something further had befallen me. Poor Briss had met my eyes just previous to my flight, and it was then I satisfied myself of what had happened to him at the house. He had met his wife; she had in some way dealt with him; he had been with her, however briefly, alone; and the intimacy of their union had been afresh impressed upon him.

We have not space to quote the many things this Röntgen-ray-eyed guest saw in Mrs. Brissenden's back, but we can assure the reader that a page of the book does not cover them. His awakening is due to Mrs. Brissenden. She patiently refuses to play the part of a pretty fly, refuses to walk into the parlour to put a pretty coping-stone to his palace of gossamer. Instead she fires her bright artillery at him, and the concussion shakes down the palace of gossamer. He has been elaborating his theories at infinite length, and her comments are: "How

can I tell, please, what you consider you're talking about?" . . . "You see too much." . . . "You talk too much." . . . "You over-estimate the penetration of others. . . ."

"You're carried away—you're abused by a fine fancy: so that, with your art of putting things, one doesn't know where one is—nor, if you'll allow me to say so, do I quite think you always do. Of course I don't deny you're awfully clever. But you build up—you build up houses of cards."

Are we extravagant in suggesting that this is Mr. Henry James, in a grimly humorous mood, turning his analytical mind on himself.

The skill of the story is enormous; the triumph of its artistic presentment is indisputable: only Mr. James could have written it. So much we grant willingly; but since an author's power of being able to interest his reader in his story, as story, must depend on the temperament and predilection of the reader, we will give our personal verdict by slightly modifying one of Mr. James's own locutions. The narrator, in the pause that follows some remarks he has made to Mrs. Brissenden, thus soliloquises: Oh, how intensely she didn't like such a tone! If she hadn't looked so handsome, I would say she made a wry face over it." We would say—the transposition is slight: Oh, how intensely we didn't like having to read our way to the very end of *The Sacred Fount*! If Mr. James hadn't so handsomely put into it all his delicate talent, and thus illumined the tediousness of the story, we should not only have made a wry face, but yawned ourselves away to the company of—well, of John Silver or Captain Kettle.

### Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

#### STREET DUST.

BY OUIDA.

Five short stories, not by the Ouida who captivated us in youth, but by the Ouida of later days, with her protest against oppression, and her sympathy for the poor. The first story, "Street Dust," is sheer misery, and not over pleasant with its reference to the "torpid flies . . . gathering together in black dots upon her as the day advanced." It was the mother's body. The children die on the last page. Some of the stories have an Italian setting, and all are not so painful as "Street Dust." (F. V. White. 6s.)

#### ANNE MAINWARING.

BY LADY RIDLEY.

*Anne Mainwaring* would be a suitable reply to that oft-repeated question: "Now tell me the name of a nice, interesting, new novel?" It is modern, it moves in polite circles (portraits of ancestors, Ascot, &c.), and it is all about Anne: her struggles, her lovers, and her friendship for another woman. When we say that whereas the other Mainwarings were fair, Anne was dark, and also clever and odd, and a thorn in her pretty, selfish mother's side, we have said enough to show that Anne's life will interest the novel reader. It is so easy to believe oneself to be another Anne. (Longmans. 6s.)

#### TREWERN.

BY R. M. THOMAS.

A story of Welsh life, narrated in the first person, by a new author. The period is seventy years ago, and the story tells how a young Welsh squire, sportsman and recluse, fell under the influence of John Gwyn, the Radical. Country life, sport, and politics come into the tale, which is soberly and carefully written. The narrator's "active interest in politics died, as it began, with John Gwyn." (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

#### MAX THORNTON.

BY ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Max was Colonel Thornton's (Thornton's Horse) younger son, and when the Colonel went to the front with his other son he ordered Max, he being a youngster, home to look after his mother and sisters. But the tug missed the steamer and put back to Durban. Then Max had his chance. He went through some of the South African campaign after all, and was of service to his country and his father. A vigorous, well-written story of the war, dealing with a side of the fighting that may be called unhackneyed. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

#### THE GOLDEN WANG-HO.

BY FERGUS HUME.

The author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* rightly calls this a sensational story. When, after many happenings, Eli opened the box he found a series of golden images exactly like the one in his pocket. "There were twenty-four, and the golden Wang-Ho made the twenty-fifth." But the operation killed Eli. "One great quiver shook his frame. Then with a stifled cry he reeled and fell." Mr. Hume is no niggard with his murders. In Chapter III. it is Leonard "dead—dead—murdered"; in Chapter X. it is General Burnley "robbed and murdered," and so on. (John Long. 6s.)

#### THE BLACK TORTOISE.

BY F. VILLER.

A brisk, sensational tale, "being the strange story of old Frick's diamond." It is told to a friend by Monk, a private detective, who adopted the profession "out of love"—strange being. The friend who has obligingly written Monk's story out regrets that he has not been able to give it in Monk's "own clear language and striking words." (Heinemann.)

#### THE MASTER SINNER.

BY A WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR.

This small book, which is intended to make the flesh creep, consists mainly of a series of letters written from Hell by a deceased crony of one Anthony Grigg, who lived in a tumble-down garret in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane. We doubt if the reader will share Anthony's horror, or feel anything more than mild amusement at the announcement which rounds off the volume, "Then he [the Pope, if you please] paused and mused, ultimately stretching forth his thin right hand. 'Nevertheless,' said he; 'I decree that the reprint of these letters shall be placed upon the Index.'" (John Long.)

#### A SOLDIER FOR A DAY.

BY EMILY SPENDER.

A story of the Italian War of Independence, with this motto on the title-page: "Italy, our mother, who promises us one only joy—but that suffices us—the lofty joy of having loved and served her." It begins thus: "Venice, in a summer twilight, one can compare only to the visionary city of the Apocalypse, and can describe only in similar metaphors of precious gems." (White. 6s.)

We have also received: *May Silver*, by Alan St. Aubyn. "May Silver was nineteen. She was pretty enough to have been the belle of one season, and she was engaged to be married." (White, 6s.) *His Lordship's Whim*, by G. C. Whadcoat. It is accompanied by a note from his publisher, Mr. Effingham Wilson, who begs "respectfully to remind the reviewer that he was the first publisher of Tennyson and Browning, but that the accompanying novel is the first he has published for about twenty-five years, having devoted himself almost exclusively during that period to the publication of works for business men." We have also received another reprint of *Eben Holden*, published this time by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and marked "authorised edition."



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## Concerning Biography.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have added to their excellent "Library of English Classics" a volume containing Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler* and his *Lives*. The *Lives* fill 317 pages out of the 497 composing the volume, and it is of these biographical classics that we have a word to say. The *Lives*, as everyone knows, but may not remember, are those of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Sanderson. The language has nothing better in their kind. Their grace and wisdom of portraiture, their modest touches of personal remembrance, and their angelic wit are but part of their charm, which one may liken to a sweet smell caught from old college gardens and old books, bringing to memory the clean and decent and holy things of old England. They must be well satisfied with their own age, and with the actions and motives of its leaders, who do not dwell with wonder and profit on these strong, quiet, consistent lives. But our concern here is more local and literary. When we consider what is accomplished in these 317 pages, we are once more out of love with latter-day biography. Five men are portrayed to their contemporaries with grace and fidelity in this small compass, and their portraits are undying literature. Five men of equal note in this age would be made the subjects of five biographies, each as big as the whole of the volume before us, and these books would be neglected in five years' time. A proposition, this, not a statement; but, as a proposition, is it not justified by what we know and have seen? That biography has become artless, cumbrous, and indiscreet is the experience of those who have to do with it as critics or critical readers. It is a thousand pities.

Whatever be the cause of this decline, it is not indifference on the part of readers to the pleasures of curiosity. There was never an age in which men were more interested in their neighbours, or more addicted, in speech and print, to personal gossip. A dozen or more weekly publications live and thrive on their mission of disseminating news of the daily sayings and doings of interesting people and groups of people. Biography, in short, is found to be so very entertaining that it has been compressed from a noble food that was wont to be served on state occasions, into a *sauce piquante* for the flavouring of every-day life. True, formal and complete biographies are written in numbers. But under what usual conditions? Would any experienced publisher care to deny that, next to fiction, biography is the most commercialised branch of literature? There is something of the serenity of the undertaker in the promptitude with which biographies are arranged for in these days. The mere promptitude, to be sure, is nothing; call it a virtue. But one knows so well what to expect. The market has to be caught, and this means haste. It means, also, a general vulgarity of design, a commonness of atmosphere, an all-welcoming hospitality to trivial matter, and a dozen other things that make for success at Mudie's, and nothing thereafter. We have seen it often; and sometimes one feels very hotly the way in which choice lives are bundled into print, read,

found to be turbid, and forgotten. Take an instance of this skurry. If ever there was a man who deserved a short and perfectly-written biography, such as could be treasured for the facts it preserved and for the grace of its style and feeling, that man was Charles Samuel Keene, the *Punch* artist. A more quaint, lovable, and retiring man of genius did not live in the nineteenth century. It was most desirable that any record of his life should be, like himself, choice, modest, and savoursome. But what happened? Keene died on January 4, 1891. A biography was felt to be a want of the market; and within one year, or perhaps it was eighteen months, a volume weighing 3½ lbs. avoirdupois was written, delivered, and Mudied. The whole thing had been placed in the hands of a gentleman who would be (justly) called a "practised literary man," and this practised literary man had done his level best for Keene's memory, and for the wishes and personal vanities of Keene's friends and correspondents. The result, in our judgment, was a sad failure. The mere size and weight of the book could not be associated with Keene. No single clear impression was conveyed, for the book was virtually written by many hands, and it reproduced and repeated many casually written impressions. The effect was that of the arrival of a handsome block of marble, entirely covered with Keene's epitaph, but effectually concealing Keene. Nor did the practised literary man improve his case when, in a final chapter, called "Last Words," he confessed that he had never set eyes upon Keene in his life, and proceeded to argue with more ingenuity than force that the stranger-biographer has advantages over the friend-biographer. An apologetic allusion to "the space of time at my disposal" completed the reader's desolation. Keene's case is serious enough to be raised, even at this date, with some earnestness. Is it still too late for a skilled and sympathetic writer to give us a small book in which Keene, the man and artist, will live in modest breathing pages, in a harbourage of choice reading and unfading smiles? For in his way and degree the man was a humane genius not less surely than Shakespeare.

But Keene's misfortune is that of many a good man who has died in these latter years. The truth is, that of the biographies published, nearly all are written too soon, many ought not to be written at all, and the majority of the remainder could be of value only if they were half as long and twice as well done. Izaak Walton did not produce his masterly portraits in any "space of time at my disposal." In the cases of Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton he found himself a biographer rather by accident than design, and then he lay quiet for twenty years before he was prevailed upon by Bishop Gilbert to write the life of Hooker. Four years later he wrote his George Herbert, which was more of a "free-will offering" than any of the other lives; and lastly, after another eight years, he wrote the life of Bishop Sanderson. The five short lives were spread over a period of forty-eight years, and into them Walton breathed his best. Their brevity and perfection lend a rare cogency to his plea for more biography. "Who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning?" he asks, when his own pen has spent its force. And who, nowadays, would not be glad if biographies were many and small and good? It is the insatiate curiosity of the age which will neither wait patiently nor taste nicely, it is, in a word, the journalising of a literary art, that is the cause of the blight.

Meanwhile it is consoling to know that good models of Plutarch's art are not scarce in a well-stocked library. As for Plutarch, he is the model of models, and no one reads him half enough. You have only to open his *Lives* to alight on brevity within brevity, on parts so characteristic that they seem to anticipate the work of the whole. Take the familiar story of Antony's follies at Alexandria. "He was

fishing one day with Cleopatra, and had ill-success, which, in the presence of his mistress, he looked upon as a disgrace; he, therefore, ordered one of his assistants to dive and put on the hook such as he had taken before. This scheme he put in practice three or four times, and Cleopatra perceived it. She affected, however, to be surprised at his success; expressed her wonder to the people about her; and, the day following, invited them to see fresh proofs of it. When the day following came, the vessel was crowded with people; and as soon as Antony had let down his line she ordered one of her divers immediately to put a salt fish on the hook. When Antony found he had caught his fish, he drew up his line; and this, as may be supposed, occasioned no small mirth amongst the spectators. 'Go General!' said Cleopatra, 'leave fishing to us petty princes of Pharos and Canopus; your game is cities, kingdoms, and provinces.' From Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* the biographer may learn the dignity of his art, and the enduring value of a reverent and sagacious handling of delicate subjects: as for instance where, in discussing Dryden's suspiciously timely conversion to Roman Catholicism, he puts the matter by: "It is natural to hope that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. I am willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right than virtue to maintain it. But inquiries into the heart are not for man; we must now leave him to his Judge."

The biography of a father by a son finds an exquisite model in the life of the poet Crabbe, where the relationship is pure gain, all the loyalties to the subject and the reader being kept. What an instinct for biography and what a delicate freedom do we not find in this mention of a chance meeting between father and son after two years' separation: "Calling, one day, at Mr. Hatchard's in Piccadilly, the bookseller said 'Look round,' and pointed to his inner room; and there stood my father, reading intently, as his manner was—with his knees somewhat bent, insensible to all around him. How homelike was the sight of that venerable white head among a world of strangers!"

The student of miniature biography will not neglect Hazlitt's *Spirit of the Age*, though he will feel more certain of the writer's penetration than of his charity. The essay on Cobbett is as good as any; Hazlitt sticks to him until he can wring from him not another characteristic. Of his powers in controversy he says: "He throws his head into his adversary's stomach, and takes away from him all inclination for the fight; hits fair or foul; strikes at everything; and as you come up to his aid, or stand ready to pursue his advantage, trips up your heels or lays you sprawling, and pummels you when down as much to his heart's content as ever the Yanguesian carriers belaboured Rosinante with their pack staves. 'He has the back-trick simply the best of any man in Illyria.'"

To conclude pell-mell, let the biographer of tomorrow read to-day Macaulay's short lives of Johnson, Bunyan, and Atterbury, contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; Scott's *Biographical Memoirs* of Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and others, and his lives of Swift and Dryden, written for editions of their works; Carlyle's life of John Sterling, and Carlyle's sketch-portraits, wherever they be (let him count these inimitable); Walter Bagehot's *Biographical Studies*; Edward Fitzgerald's memoir of Bernard Barton; Dr. John Brown's essay on Chalmers; Anthony Froude's *Julius Cæsar*; Talfourd's *Lamb*; M. Leon Daudet's life of his father; and Renan's memoir of his sister. Mr. Clodd's memoir of Grant Allen, published last year, was a successful essay in sympathetic, clear-sighted biography, such as knows what to say, and what not to say, and where to stop.

## Things Seen.

### Reflex Action.

THE King had passed, and his subjects surged out into the roadway, which was still lined by soldiers. These stood at attention, like bronzes, unmoved by the capering, out-of-school sight-seers. It was discipline confronting waywardness, and the wayward stared at Mars on duty with curiosity and veneration. Presently came along a band of coster girls, bright of eye and fresh of cheek. Open-air life, and the saucy freedom of their vocation, had kept the free animal in them unbridled and untrammelled. They sported down the roadway like so many colts, giving and taking chaff with the ease of long habit. But badinage with their fellow-citizens in the crowd was *vieux jeu* with them. There was more attractive metal in those adamant warriors, who moved not a lash, who raised not a finger, who regarded the antics of the girls with the high indifference of the gods on Olympus watching the gambols of mortals. The gods can choose, and they prefer to pick their moment of condescension. They had had relations with so many young women, had those warriors, and no doubt they knew well enough that the girls' intrepidity was not individual, but sprang from the consciousness of strength in numbers. So they received the advances of the girls with a cold indifference. They were superior even to tentative ticklings with feathers, and they allowed confetti to stay on their swelling bosoms as if such was a detail of the military regulations. The girls became more daring, till they came to the point of pushing one another towards the warriors, and soon one of them was propelled straight on to a breast. Even then Mars did not forget that he was on duty; but the instinct bred of a hundred amatory experiences in his crowded past would not be denied. As the girl touched his breast his huge arms opened, described a semi-circle, musket and all, folded her for an instant, and then, with mechanical precision, returned to his side. He did not move. He did not quaver. He showed no pleasure. I believe the movement was entirely sub-conscious. It was an example of reflex action, produced by stimulus, physiologists would tell you, without the necessary intervention of consciousness.

### The Marquis.

It was on the Boulevard des Italiens that I was introduced to the Marquis. The night was balmy, and we sat quietly sipping our coffee. My companion knew everything and everybody. He knew the Marquis. It was—need I say?—my first visit to Paris, and I was in the frame of mind of the traveller on the threshold, in which he expects anything to happen at any moment; therefore, I was not surprised to observe that the Marquis was dressed in rags, that his hands were not of the cleanest, that he had apparently forgotten to put on his collar, and that he was engaged in the groping performance of picking up cigarette and cigar ends and consigning them to a slit in his coat. My companion introduced us: "Mr. So-and-so, Le Marquis de —." I bowed low, as was fitting. It was pathetic to notice that this concession to nobility was utterly lost on the Marquis. I tried some desultory conversation, feeling, if the truth be told, something of a fool. There was no doubt of the fellow's blood. He had, when the dirt was penetrated, one of the most aristocratic types of face I had ever seen. An idea struck me. I offered him a cognac. He accepted, and gulped it down eagerly. He looked so utterly depraved, so hopelessly oblivious of his former position, that I suddenly experienced a sensation of repugnance so strong as almost to swallow up my



first feeling of respectful pity. I rose and departed hastily, leaving I knew not what tragedy of blight, what miserable spectre of loss, behind me. I had placed a coin on the table close to his hand. I looked round when I had gone some distance and saw him biting it.

## A Doss-House Poet.

POETS are to be found everywhere, and so why not in a doss-house? It is, nevertheless, a little curious to find a dosser issuing poetical works from his temple of repose. One would imagine that the purchasing power of a pathetic number of cups of coffee must be sacrificed ere a dosser could flutter so much as one sheet upon this stony world.

That, however, is what Mr. G. Frost, of "The Wave," Victoria Dock-road, has done twice at least to our certain knowledge. The utterances before us are dated 1893 and 1894 respectively. They have not lacked appreciation, for "The Wave" is under the direct control of Mansfield House, whence Oxford scholarship and Christian sympathy radiate upon that mortared Essex marsh whose name is Canning Town. Mr. Frost has had perhaps half-a-dozen readers whom a popular novelist might woo in vain. But he is unknown to the Press and to the world, despite his flutterings.

We do not, in breaking the shell of his obscurity, purpose to cry "Hats off! A genius." What we shall endeavour to show is that through all the drollery of Mr. Frost's ignorance the man-of-letters emerges, individual and fastidious, with tunes beating in his blood and honesty shining on his forehead.

His sense of rhyme is peculiar. "Blurred" and "world" obviously rhyme only on the Celtic system of vowel assonance demonstrated by Dr. Hyde. "Horse" and "port," "fate" and "cape," "gloom" and "tune" are rhymes which may with greater probability be referred to that defective ear for terminals condoned by filial piety in Mother Goose. His interruptions, in the shape of redundant syllables, are obviously due to a dogged determination to say what he means at whatever risk to the muse.

Our first quotations shall be from "A Voyage Round the World." This is the tune:

See, the wind is changing, for scarce a day had sped,  
When the wind began to haul and then came dead ahead;  
It's freshening to a breeze, reef top sails, snug her down,  
And jam her to the wind however fortune frown.  
Luff! luff! my hearty, keep her full and bye  
Send her through the seas, make the water fly.  
Ease her when she plunges, as through the seas she's  
hurled.

Take it as it comes, boys, travelling round the world.

Neptune is soon lashed to storm in a cacophony of bad rhymes, and with "flying kites all furled" the ship goes "on through the pitchy darkness" while "out upon her yardarms the ghastly blue lights burn."

She's racing with the seas, boys, her water a streak of fire.

In the ensuing section of the poem we

See the long green hills of water, their white caps gleam  
like teeth,  
And thunder down upon her deck full twenty feet beneath.

Night falls again, dark and black

—yet the phosphor flashes bright  
Beneath her keel the sea's ablaze and sparkling without  
light,  
The sky and sea are closing in as if the two were one,  
There is but a ship's length or so to bound the horizon.

Alas! for the false accent. But the effect of these passages

is striking, mixed up as they are with shrewd and seaman-like observations such as:

Keep the wind upon the quarter, just a point or so to  
port,  
And mind your weather helm, she'll turn turtle if she's  
caught,

And bits of humour like this:

Hold on, here comes a comber; it goes sweeping over all,  
There go the pots and kettles, the galley's overboard.

Finally the ship nears home, "her masts like coach whips bending." All is vigorous. She is like "an arrow from a well strung bow"; she "throws the water from her sides";

The sou'-west wind is blowing fresh as she cuts the seas in  
two.

One is exhilarated; the man moves to the rhythm of the living machine which is both house and wife to him.

The extraordinary title "Sphinx, Cleopatra's Needle, Pyramids and Tower Bridge, Taboo" suggests hysteria; and in the poem itself it is clear that emotion has preceded thought and denied it coherence in its anxiety to give shape to its own music. Here is a verse on one of the Pyramids which, in its quasi-Scotch austerity, its mixture of anger and awe and smouldering iconoclasm, deserves attention:

It stands there in all its glory, mute and inscrutable, a  
goodly show,  
The sand has gathered round its base; the foundation's  
down below.  
One man alone designed its form, 'twas the myriads that  
reared  
It stone by stone; as from the earth it rose, the builders  
disappeared  
And never left a single trace of house, or home, or name,  
To hand down to posterity a vain man's wretched fame.  
In the Empire their forefathers built above encroaching  
sand  
Stands that Pyramid of wickedness, a curse to Fatherland.

One has a vision of the impressionable mariner taking off his hat with one hand and shaking the fist of the other.

The exalted wisdom of the Bhagavad Gita would certainly strike him as nonsense. Witness the admirable dogmatism of this couplet:

All may differ on the meaning of the two words God and  
Devil,  
But the most ignorant must know that there is good and  
evil.

Ah, Mr. Frost, it is only the ignorant who know—know in such capital letters as the Tent-maker uses when he writes:

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,  
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;  
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field  
He knows about it all—He knows—HE knows!

Yet Mr. Frost is no stern theologian. His is a splendid heterodoxy:

That is the new religion: live and work for Motherland.

The line seizes him on the Tower Bridge, where also he learns that

The power of all the Church combined gives no life to one  
dead bone.

Therefore the Tower Bridge is sermon enough for him:

It's finished, and preaches to the world;  
go try and build a better.

Mr. Frost's muse is not easily dislodged from the hardest fact, and whirls in screaming animadversion round the Board of Trade:

From narrow-minded party Politics,  
From shuffling, bribing, dirty tricks,  
From Board of Trade Certificates,  
We pray the Lord protect us.

"Certificates!" He has mastered the secret of successful

street-poetry—a concrete expression for a general wrong. Why are our cities infested with a multitudinous throng of no fixed occupation? The political economist says of a section of them: "Because they have omitted or failed to qualify financially and otherwise for the licence or certificate needed to carry on various kinds of business." Dosser Frost says: "Because they have not a certificate." "Certificate" to dosser minds is not the sign of a qualification, but the qualification itself. Down, then, with certificates! Stamp on the Red Tape Worm! Mr. Frost has instantly their faith and their enthusiasm, if once they hear him. He has shown them the adversary.

But Mr. Frost deserves a more dignified elevation than an inverted tub. It is not poetry that we will cite in support of the contention; it is a piece of haunting doggerel:

There's Tit-Bits, Rare-Bits, Funnv Cuts, and Joker;  
There's Tip-Top Tea to Pick-me-Up and Tee-to-Tums;  
There's Answers, Pearson's Weekly, Moonshine, Ally  
Sloper;  
And immortal souls are saved by beating kettle-drums. . .  
And the World grinds on like Vested Interests; the  
ponderous pistons jar  
Upon the nerves. The pirate's scissors click all night and  
day unceasing,  
And schoolgirls read, and learn, and teach their dear old  
Grandmamma  
The scientific art of sucking eggs, but cultivate the power  
of pleasing.

Who would not shrink from casting obloquy on most of the papers named in this catalogue? But, altogether, how forcibly they conjure up the hopeless wallowing of raw minds among scraps and snatches; how significantly they direct attention to the voluminous voice, glib even when raucous, of the world's Press crying down all subtle utterances, disturbing all connected views, marring all beauty, and forbidding all finality of expression.

Mr. Frost is not a great man—one is not great simply because he publishes from a doss-house; but he would be far from an ordinary man even if he published in Pater-noster-row. His travels have solemnised him within. Fresh from gleaming tropical seas and dreaming tropical lands, he is on the edge of London as one brutally awakened from a delicate slumber. Yet it is the grimmest of all paradoxes, from Carlyle to Mr. Frost, that a great noise extorts contributions from the protestant against it.

## The Halfpenny Feuilletton.

### In Four Stages.

#### I.

TO-MORROW will commence a new serial of transcendent interest, which by those critics who have been privileged to see it in MS. has been pronounced to be the most powerful and absorbing romance of modern times. Under the title *THE ANNIHILATION CLUB* the author paints with terrible and fascinating realism the total destruction of the human race and the pulverisation of the planet on which we dwell into an insignificant powder. Needless to say, this awful calamity is the result of jealousy, the love element in the story being singularly prominent.

To describe *THE ANNIHILATION CLUB* in a phrase, it is by far the most important and alluring contribution to that group of stories which by prevision Mr. Wells so successfully imitated in *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*.

To begin to-morrow the great serial, *THE ANNIHILATION CLUB*!

Order early. See that you get it.

#### II. (Four weeks later.)

##### THE ANNIHILATION CLUB.

##### Chapter XXX.

##### SYNOPSIS.

*Mephisto De Trafford, the famous chemist and electrician, baulked of his love for Anastasia Montmorency, determines upon revenge, not only upon his successful rival Dr. Majolica, but upon the world. He builds a secret laboratory a mile beneath the surface of the earth, and immediately under the Houses of Parliament, access to this mysterious workroom being gained by long underground passages, the entrance to which is in a wood near Box Hill, the property of De Trafford. Deep in this deadly fastness De Trafford mixes an explosive of a nature more terribly destructive than anything yet imagined. One day by accident he leaves open the door of the passage, which is discovered by Michael Dornton, a butterfly collector who has gone to Box Hill in search of the silver-washed fritillary. Michael enters, the narrative at this point passing into his hands.*

After a few paces, the seriousness of the enterprise dawned upon me and I stealthily tip-toed back and secured the door against any other investigator. Then, after folding up my butterfly net and grasping the stick as a weapon, I began the descent.

The passage was scrupulously clean and was lit brightly by electric light. Here and there were little recesses. —(To be continued.)

#### III. (The next day.)

##### Chapter XXXI.

##### SYNOPSIS.

*Mephisto De Trafford, the famous chemist and electrician, baulked of his love for Anastasia Montmorency, determines upon revenge, not only upon his successful rival Dr. Majolica, but upon the world. He builds a secret laboratory a mile beneath the surface of the earth, and immediately under the Houses of Parliament, access to this mysterious workroom being gained by long underground passages, the entrance to which is in a wood near Box Hill, the property of De Trafford. Deep in this deadly fastness De Trafford mixes an explosive of a nature more terribly destructive than anything yet imagined. One day by accident he leaves open the door of the passage, which is discovered by Michael Dornton, a butterfly collector who has gone to Box Hill in search of the silver-washed fritillary. Michael enters, the narrative at this point passing into his hands. Michael begins his perilous journey down the passage. The description of the passage.*

After walking some ten miles and stopping now and again to refresh myself with the sandwiches I had brought with me—done up, as I observed, by my good landlady, in a piece of the *Morning Leader*—I sat down in one of the recesses to rest. Suddenly I heard a curious rumbling sound as of an approaching vehicle. Peering out I was conscious of a swiftly moving body drawing nearer and nearer. In a moment it had passed, but not before I had seen it to be, as I afterwards discovered, De Trafford himself, in his electric motor-car, dashing from the laboratory to the opening.

Never shall I forget the deathly pallor of his face and the enormity of anti-social hatred that beamed in his eye. —(To be continued.)

#### IV. (Two months later.) •

##### THE BLOOD-STAINED PRIMA DONNA.

To-morrow will be commenced a new great serial of absorbing interest, which, by all who have had the good fortune to read it in MS., is pronounced quite the most transcendently exciting and brilliant romance of modern times . . . (and so forth).



## Correspondence.

B. B. B.

SIR,—What more is to be said of Byron? Why no more truly in our day of "Poetic Famine." A generation that can discuss in earnest the authenticity of *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* can never have much to say or think of the "finest letters in the language." But, indeed, with Byron as with Milton, it is all a question of personality. Byron is read for love, Milton for learning, the reason being one, as I have said, of personality. Byron had personality above all things. It was, as the Prayer-Book would say, "for the glory of his name" that Greece was made free. While Milton's personality was such that it permitted him, after marrying a child of seventeen years, immediately to set to work and write a burning pamphlet on "Divorce"! It is the most characteristic thing we hear of him. We are not surprised at anything he does afterwards, for his Personality has made a slave of his reputation. Byron, too, is the slave of his Personality; but non-moral rather than immoral as he is, he is never ignoble or vulgar or narrow. Even his slang is immortal. No one but he could have so perfectly defined Switzerland: a "Curst, selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world," he says. The words live.

If Milton has triumphed because of his literature and in spite of his character, Byron has triumphed for both these things, but chiefly because of the latter. That he was generous we know; witness his praise of Shelley's verse and character, his letters to Sir Walter, and his monetary help to the Greeks, to which he added at last his life and the glory of his name. That he was indifferent to danger or petty inconvenience we know; witness his answer when he overhears his servant Fletcher saying of Greece: "It's a land of lies and lice and fleas and thieves. What my lord is going there for the Lord only knows, I don't." Then seeing his master was looking, he said: "And my master can't deny what I have said is true." "No," said Byron, "to those that look at things with hog's eyes and can see nothing else; what Fletcher says may be true, but I didn't note it." From a test of character, personality—call it what you will—such as that, how, for instance, would Carlyle emerge, or Milton with his timid seventeen-year-old wife and his burning pamphlet on Divorce?

If you charge us with forgetfulness of Byron it is, as Mr. Swinburne says, "not a light charge." And on what do you base your charge? The year 1900 is turned, and we are recounting our poetic glories of the Victorian era. Well, Mr. Murray is issuing a most sumptuous edition of Byron's works, and I suppose there must be a sale for it. Mr. Henley has so much faith in him that he, too, is devoting his time to the production of an edition worthy of Byron. What other poet is receiving the like attention—or half of it? But I forget. Some firm in Glasgow is issuing a complete Keats in one-shilling volumes. I wonder if the poor and needy buy them, for it is for such, I suppose, they are intended? No, Byron is one of the first names with us in 1901. What is the other? Is it Shelley, or Keats, or Wordsworth, or Coleridge? Perhaps it may be Kipling. (Hush!) But where is the city that is issuing a "definitive" edition of their work? Where are the monuments more enduring than brass that have received their names? Greece emerged from the last war chiefly because of Byron; even to-day it is flushed with the glory of his name. May I ask would the names of Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and W. B. Yeats, all together, call three Englishmen anywhere to-day to risk their lives for the glory of a name?—I am, &c.,

EDWARD HUTTON.

## "The Impulse to Feel and Know."

SIR,—Your reviewer, in his article on Mr. Cramb's *Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain*, says: "Surely it is good to know what words a professor of modern history was addressing to his plastic young students while the Boer War was still going on." And later: "Holding as we do that the highest wisdom, let it come from poet or seer, is either for everyday wear, or worthless." This opinion of your reviewer, given in a criticism of the book of a Queen's College professor, pays a profounder compliment to that dear old college than perhaps your reviewer guessed. For Queen's College, alone of girls' colleges (let us away with the hateful term of "ladies'" colleges), has steadily refused to adapt its teaching and its traditions to the mercenary and commercial skurry of up-to-date education.

\*It is not only Mr. Cramb, the Modern History Professor, who, in the words of your reviewer, "is more disdainful of common every-day fact than any of them, but directs his pronouncements according to the teaching of those whom he esteems the prophets of his time." This is the spirit of the education given at Queen's College; this is the spirit I and my comrades of fifteen years ago learned of Henry Morley, of Canon Ainger, and of F. S. Pulling, before Mr. Cramb knew the threshold of the college.

In the dear old library, where the eyes of Frederick Maurice seem to gaze kindly on the bending young shoulders in their college gowns, "this attribute which we may name Reverie," to quote Mr. Cramb, was born in many of us. That grave room, with its well-stocked shelves, taught us to love literature—it even taught some of us to dream of being poets. But, above all, it taught us that instruction for examination, which is the whole spirit of girls' education nowadays, is as far from real education as a shilling shocker from a page of Swift.

Fifteen years have passed since Henry Morley broke down over "Lycidas" before his reverent class. He is gone, and F. S. Pulling is gone, and we have all fared far in the stress and storm of life. But I am glad to see from Mr. Cramb's lectures that, in spite of ardent reviling, and pecuniary loss, Queen's College keeps on the good way, and believes Education to be, not a grinding machine capable of producing so much material, for an Intermediate or a B.A., but a goddess to be wooed by long service and reverent devotion, and whose soul is the soul of poetry. I am glad the dear old college doors still open on "... rich, beautiful, stimulating, brilliant minds, ever dwelling on high, unworldly thoughts, that impart what is of far more value than correct habits of reasoning—viz., the impulse to feel and know." Above all, I am glad there is a paper like the *ACADEMY* to appreciate and applaud such teaching.—I am, &c.,

L. M. (AN OLD QUEEN'S COLLEGER).

## Mr. Davidson's Drama.

SIR,—In the notice of my play in to-day's *ACADEMY* the following occurs: "Mr. Davidson (it is an individual trait in him) is obviously steeped in the Elizabethan drama, less of Shakespeare than of Shakespeare's contemporaries, to the extent of copying their weaker mannerisms and such of their methods as are not in the best taste."

I doubt neither the honesty nor the timid, sub-conscious malice of this assertion; but I think it is not altogether to the credit of contemporary criticism that I should have to contradict it again: it is entirely without foundation.

Your reviewer seems to be the victim of the analogic fallacy which, sooner or later, vitiates the judgment of almost every professional critic.—I am, &c.,

JOHN DAVIDSON.

## Our Weekly Competition.

### Result of No. 74 (New Series).

LAST week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best original poem of three four-line stanzas. After careful perusal of the 115 poems sent in we have decided to award the prize to Mrs. P. H. Lulham, 6, Chandos Place, Broadstairs, for the following :

O wild south-wester whose strong beat  
My little one loves best,  
From whose salt-stinging kiss my sweet  
Goes ruddy to her rest;

Blow ! and her brave young spirit raise,  
Stirred by your splendid strife,  
To range with you your wider ways,  
And live your larger life :

Beat ! till she thinks how, safe apart,  
Love trims a haven-light ;  
Tell her that here, too, in my heart  
The tides run high to-night.

Among the best poems sent in are these :

#### THE HILL PATH.

A low grey sky, brief sunshine breaking through  
The faint blue reaches of the distant plain,  
Scant silver glancing on a mist of rain,  
Brief sunshine gilding you,

And gleaming on wet rowan-trees that slow  
Their bright round berries dropped upon the sod  
Till all the path was reddened, as with blood,  
By which you chose to go.

Oh, had the ending of the way but been  
Another than a life-time's long goodbye,  
How fair the earth, how tender the low sky  
The circling hills between !

[S. M., Scotland.]

#### THE SORROW OF SONG.

Oh, delicate songs of my sorrow, conceived in sin and in shame,  
What have you of good or of worth so shamefully wrought out  
Of wrong ?

Must ever the soul in me sink, and the heart dwell on deeds with-  
out name,

Or ever a whisper of beauty embroiders the edge of my song ?

Who shall strive, when in striving a song has gone down in the  
depths of strife ?

'Tis sorrow alone can wring from the poet a word of real worth ;  
For he sees in the sin of the world each separate sin of his life,  
And the day of his sorrow and shame is the day of a sweet song's  
birth.

If sorrow be born of sin, and only in sorrow lies song,  
Then surely the singer shall 'scape the doom on the last great  
day ?

Unless—is it truth ?—we climb clear of the desperate days of  
wrong,

And from sin through sorrow we win to the joy of a fairer way.

[F. W. W., Camberwell.]

#### THE GARDEN OF MEMORY.

There is a garden in this heart of mine,  
Roses and rue adorn its secret ways,  
A twilight haunt whose hush is quite divine,  
Illumined with the light of other days !

And here are graves—among the rue do lie  
The old, old sorrows buried long ago ;  
Beneath the roses hopes but born to die,  
With vanished joys together rest. And lo !

Fair Memory muses here for evermore,  
The gracious guardian of this dim domain ;  
And at his will the blighted hopes of yore  
Rise from their graves with buried joy and pain !

[F. B. D., Torquay.]

#### A GOLDEN DAY (CANDLEMAS SERVICES).

My golden day no golden month encloses,  
No honied June's remembrance lends it charm :  
Nor gleam of mid-July's chrysopie roses,  
Nor boon September's amber-sleeved arm.

My golden day saw clouds all livid-lead  
O'er moaning seas stabbed with a dagger blast ;  
I knelt in prayer, where blazoned windows deaden  
The sob of churchyard elms that gride aghast.

A golden day ! for mortal touched immortal  
From festal eucharist to vespers bright :  
And the lit altar showed thro' flaming portal  
Salem the Golden to Faith's raptur'd sight.

[R. F. McC., Whitby.]

#### A DAY IN LATE AUTUMN.

The earth is stilled, as though in some deep pain ;  
The wind draws drearily each sobbing breath ;  
And Nature's every feature mirrors plain  
The grey reflex of death.

She spreads her dusky pall for the passing year,  
Leaves strown aground, the dying on the dead ;  
Each tree some silent sorrow seems to bear,  
And veils in mist its head.

And I am one with Nature ; hope can bring  
No comfort to this pain all pain above :  
And softly fall the raindrops, murmuring  
A dirge for passing love.

[R. W., Swansea.]

#### OLD AND NEW.

What may this latest-born of the long ages  
Bestow on hearts that mourn the past in vain ?  
Who can smooth out anew life's crumpled pages,  
Or make the blotted record clean again ?

We—willing captives of old hope undying—  
How should new cycles give us or withhold ?  
Youth claims the New, what time our souls are crying  
For the supreme enchantment of the Old.

The old love clamours loudly : " Ye must heed me  
And take my gifts of rosemary and rue " ;  
The old Faith whispers : " Surely ye will need me  
Until the day when God makes all things new."

[M. G. W., Shanklin.]

#### TO AN INTRUDER ON THE MARGIN OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.

Thou errant lad with pointed hood and wind-blown bags,  
What dost thou piping here,  
Where sleepy sermon, ancient discourse, endless drags  
And lags, through year and year ?

Some patient toiling monk who wrote the gnarled text,  
Set here as comment—thee,  
With sudden quirk of brain by dusty learning vexed,  
Thou madcap sprite of glee.

In thee he wrought with cell-dimmed eyes and cramped hand  
His early shrivelled joy ;

In thee, old melodies of vanished summer-land,  
Thou little piping boy !

[E. R., London.]

Poems also received from : H. R. B., London ; R. R. W., Sudbury ; S. W., Merrylee ; K. E. B., Edgbaston ; A. C. A., London ; P. C. F., Cambridge ; S. B., London ; E. C. M. D., Crediton ; M. A. W., London ; W. Bath ; M. L. M., London ; E. B. B., Sheffield ; J. D., London ; E. G. B., Liverpool ; W. R., Manchester ; E. S., London ; L. J., Ashby-de-la-Zouch ; E. W. H., West Didsbury ; E. K. P., Wadhurst ; F. L. W., Bradford ; C. S. O., Hove ; A. E. W., Inverness ; M. I., Cheltenham ; W. A., Glasgow ; H. F., Exmouth ; E. H., Peasehall ; E. G., Hornsey ; F. B. B., London ; G. L. C., Surrey ; H. H., Teddington ; S. H., Birmingham ; C. O. O., London ; P. B. K. S., London ; J. B., London ; F. G. S., Edinburgh ; A. B., Edinburgh ; G. S., Brentwood ; J. P. B. B., Liverpool ; A. D. B., Liverpool ; C. F. M., Bath ; L. M. S., London ; L. S., Leytonstone ; H. J., London ; R. E. P., Oxford ; H. J., Hadley Wood ; Miss L., Harpenden ; Mrs. W., Richmond ; A. S., Edinburgh ; F. B., Cheltenham ; H. M. G., London ; E. R. L., Kensington ; M. G., Kingston ; E. T. W., Leytonstone ; E. F. H., Birmingham ; A. J. E., London ; E. F. W., Leytonstone ; M. F., London ; H. F. B., Strathfield ; G. S., Bristol ; E. C., — ; A. F., Bangor ; H. W. D., South Tottenham ; H. R. S., Newcastle ; S. B. M., Nottingham ; G. W., Hull ; T. B. S., Birmingham ; H. P. W., Otterburn ; T. W. M., Newcastle ; S. H., Manchester ; M. C. S., London ; F. P. S., Manchester ; F. B., Milton ; F. W. H., Penarth ; P. R. D., Brighton ; J. J., Bristol ; C. W., Edinburgh ; F. H. B., Sutton ; W. S. B., Blackheath ; J. H., Edinburgh ; J. B. W., London ; R. U. F. M., Hurlford ; J. E. A. S., Dundee ; V. E. J., London.

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